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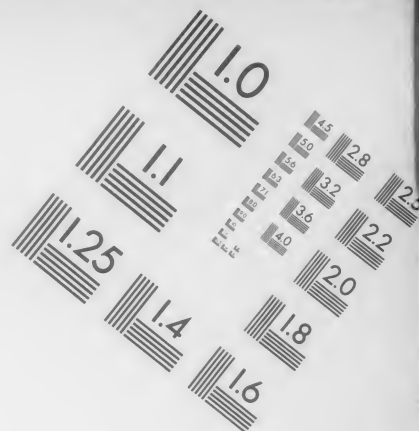
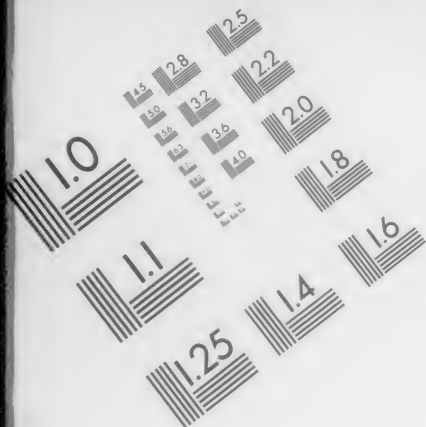


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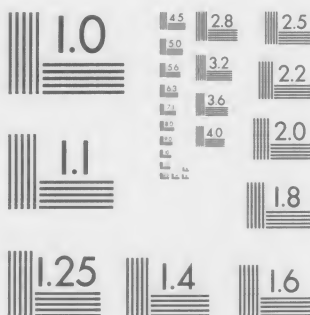
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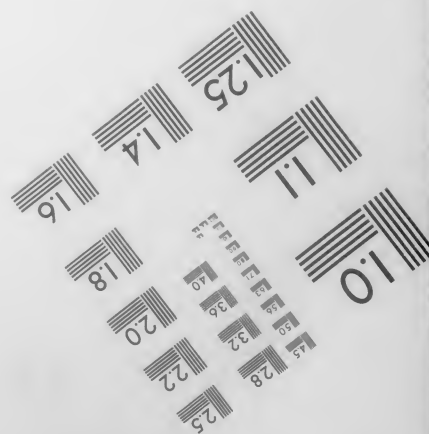
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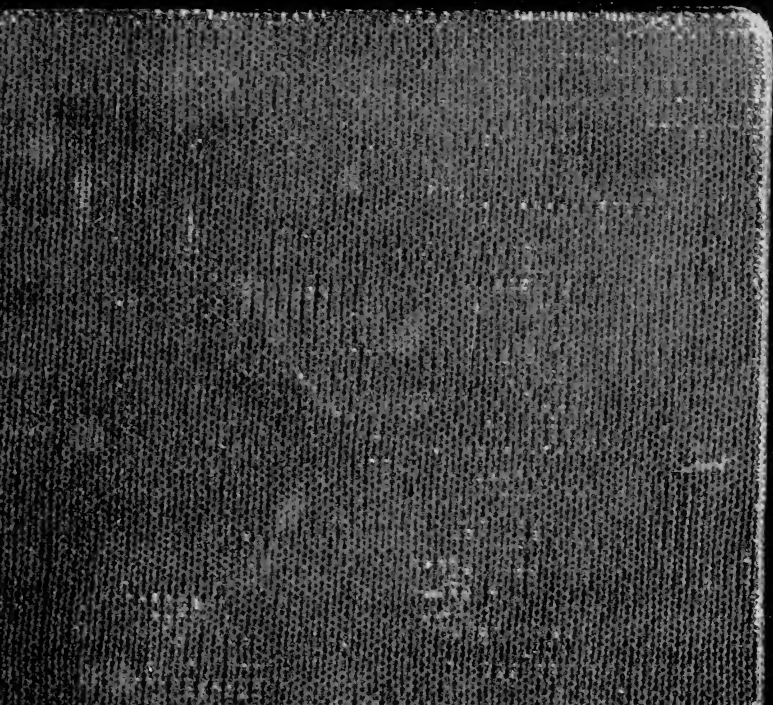


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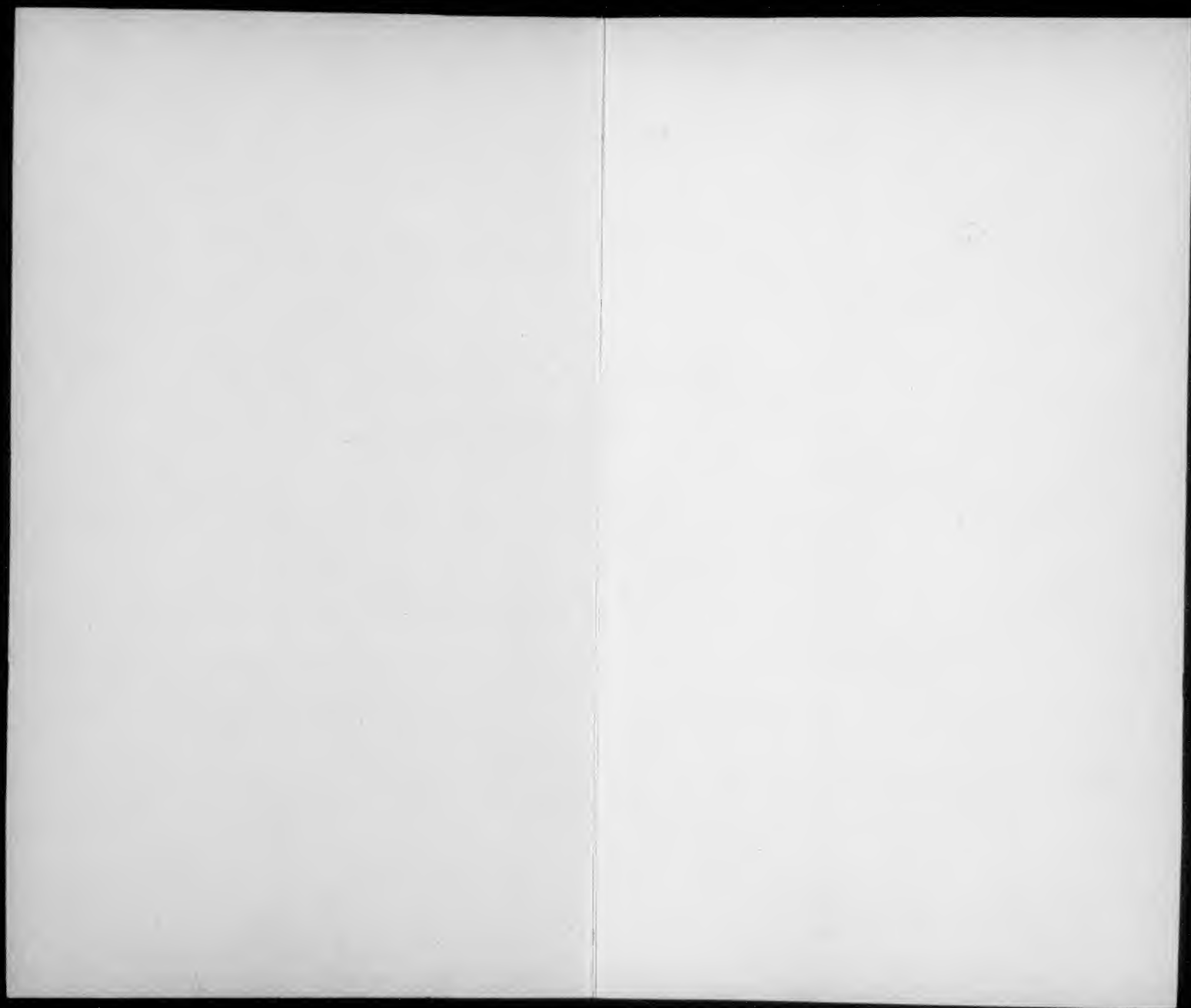




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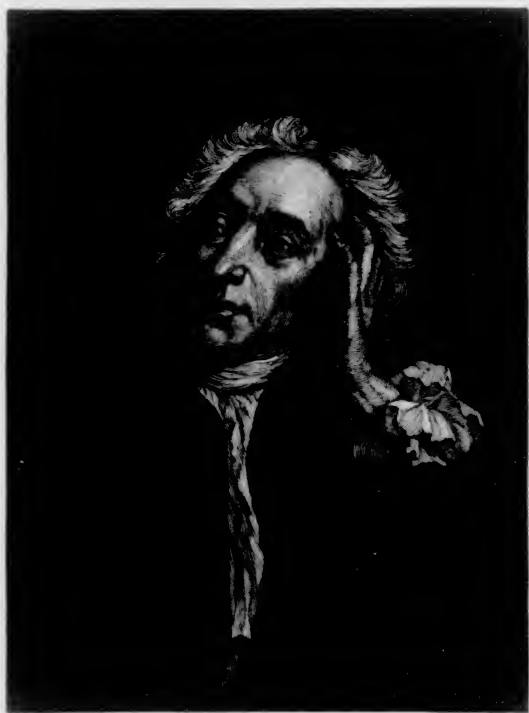
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BY

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AND

PERCIVAL CHUBB

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH the work of writing the Introduction and of editing the text was, at the outset, divided equally between us, the part for which each of us was primarily responsible has been carefully gone over by the other; and we trust that, as an outcome of mutual criticism and counsel, a unified result has been secured.

As these four books of Pope's translation of the "Iliad" have been prescribed, under the College Entrance Requirements, for reading, and not for detailed study, the Introduction and annotations may seem to be unnecessarily full. It may be explained that in this instance it has been thought well to keep in view the more general uses to which such a book may be put. Now that the study of Greek is declining in our schools, and Homer is read in the original by comparatively few people, a new importance attaches to those translations by means of which Homer and the other great writers of the Grecian world may be made known—however imperfectly at second hand—to the English reader. It is hoped that this selection from Pope's translation—the translation enjoyed so heartily by Byron as a boy, and by many other boys, famed and unfamed—may serve to introduce Homer as well as Pope, but especially Homer, and the "wide expanse"

"That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne."

The text here used has been carefully collated with the first edition and the later revised text as amended by Pope. The best readings have been followed. Here and there the peculiar punctuation and spelling of Pope's time have

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been altered to agree with modern usage; but, as a general rule, all those peculiarities which have historical significance, and mark important differences between the usage of Pope's age and our own, have been retained.

We have found it impossible, even were it desirable, to secure uniformity in the matter of Greek proper names. Pope generally uses the Latin equivalents for the Greek, while many of the commentators from whom we have quoted use the Greek, and their spelling of these varies. We have usually allowed the variations to stand. It is as well that the student should become acquainted with them, and there need be no confusion on this account.

W. H. M.
P. C.

BROOKLYN, *July*, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION

I. HOMER AND THE ILIAD.

HOMER'S "Iliad," which Alexander Pope translated into English verse, is an epic poem written in the Greek tongue. An epic "treats of one great, complex action, in a grand style, and with fulness of detail." The "Iliad" is the oldest European epic poem that has come down to us; by many critics it is regarded as the greatest of all epic poems. Certainly it fulfils the conditions of the definition: it treats of a great complex action; it treats of that action in a grand style, and with fulness of detail.

The action of the "Iliad" is laid at a time anterior to authentic European history. Homer is "the first author," says Professor Jebb, "who presents any clear or vivid picture of Aryan civilisation." "The poems of Homer," Mr. Gladstone declares, "do not constitute merely a great item of the splendid literature of Greece; but they have a separate position, to which none other can approach. They, and the manners they describe, constitute a world of their own; and are severed by a sea of time, whose breadth has not been certainly measured, from the firmly-set continent of recorded tradition and continuous fact. In this sea they lie, as a great island. And in this island we find not merely details of events, but a scheme of human life and character, complete in all its parts. We are introduced to man in every relation of which he is capable—in every one of his arts, devices, institutions; in the entire circle of his experience."

The scheme of human life and character to which we are introduced in the "Iliad" and that other great epic

generally attributed to Homer—the “Odyssey”—arose among the Achæans. Long before the Greeks called themselves Hellenes; long before the Dorians had invaded southern Greece; long before the three great divisions of the Hellenic race—the Æolians, the Dorians, and the Ionians—were marked off, these Achæans had settled in Thessaly, Bœotia, the greater part of the Peloponnesus, in the islands of the western coast, in Crete, and in some of the islands of Asia Minor. There they developed the civilisation that reveals itself in the poems of Homer, and that is attested by the excavations of Schliemann among the ruins of Mycenæ.

From these two sources—the poems of Homer and prehistoric remains found in the ruins of buried cities, particularly Mycenæ, the chief city of the Achæans—it is possible to gain some idea of Achæan civilisation. That civilisation was essentially the result of aristocratic, as distinguished from popular, rule. “The ‘Iliad’ and the ‘Odyssey,’” says Mr. Walter Leaf, “are essentially and above all court poems. They are composed to be sung in the splendid palaces of a ruling aristocracy, and the commonalty have no part or lot as actors in them.” Furthermore, continues Mr. Leaf, “they are the offspring of an advanced civilisation, the growth of centuries; and of a civilisation which was approaching its decline and fall.”

The opening lines of the “Iliad,” thus translated by Pope:

! “Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber’d, heav’nly goddess, sing!”

indicate the main subject of the poem—the wrath of Achilles and its effects. With the incident that causes his wrath, it begins; when his wrath is appeased, it ends. The poem is not, as the title might be supposed to imply, a history of the war waged by the Achæans against Ilium, or, as it was otherwise called, Troy; but an incident occupying twenty-nine days in the last year of that war. The

war had broken out nine years before. According to the Homeric legend, it arose in this wise. Ilium, or Troy, was the capital of a kingdom situated on the northwest corner of Asia Minor, on the shores of the Hellespont. Priam was its king. His son Paris, visiting Greece, was entertained by Menelaus, King of Sparta. Paris persuaded Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, the wife of Menelaus, to elope with him. To avenge this wrong, Menelaus called upon all the kings of Greece to aid him. They were the more ready to do so, because, before Helen’s marriage, she had been wooed by nearly all the great chieftains of Greece, who had taken an oath to sustain her choice and to avenge her wrongs. A vast host set sail from Aulis in Bœotia for Troy. Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, the brother of Menelaus, was chosen general-in-chief. Under him served, besides Menelaus, Achilles, son of Peleus and the sea-goddess Thetis, the greatest of the Greek warriors; Ulysses, king of Ithaca; Ajax, the son of Telamon; Diomedes, king of Argos, the son of Tydeus; and Nestor, king of Pylos, the oldest of the Greek chieftains, whose name has become a synonym for sagacity.

On the other side, King Priam was too old to take the field. The leadership, therefore, fell to Hector, Priam’s son, the greatest warrior of the Trojans. The other great Trojan chieftains were Æneas, son of Anchises and the goddess Venus, whom Virgil makes the hero of the “Æneid”; Deiphobus, another son of Priam; and Glaucus and Sarpedon, leaders of the Lycian allies of Troy.

During the nine years of unsuccessful war against Troy, the Grecian princes had made many petty conquests of neighboring cities and states. In the division of booty following one of these conquests, the maiden Chryseis had become the prize of Agamemnon. Her father, Chryses, a priest of Phœbus (Apollo), offers a princely ransom for the restoration of his daughter, but is rudely repulsed by Agamemnon. Chryses then prays to Phœbus for vengeance. In answer, the god sends a pestilence on

the Grecian host. In a general assembly, Achilles calls upon Calchas, the seer, to declare the cause of this pestilence. Calchas proclaims it to be the refusal of Agamemnon to accept ransom for Chryseis. After a fierce debate, Agamemnon declares that he will resign Chryseis, but will take instead Briseis, a maiden awarded as a prize to Achilles. This threat he executes. Enraged at the affront thus put upon him, Achilles retires with his followers, the Myrmidons, to his tent by the shore, vows that he will fight for the Greeks no more, and prays for aid to his mother Thetis. Thetis prevails upon Jupiter, the king of the gods, to promise that the Trojans shall be victorious in the war until justice is done and due honor is paid to her son Achilles.

These events occupy the first book. In the second book, Jupiter prompts Agamemnon to marshal the Grecian host in the absence of Achilles. The next seven books relate the exploits of the other Greek heroes, and various acts of intervention on the part of the gods. During a truce, Menelaus and Paris fight a duel, on which the issue of the war is to depend; and Paris is saved from death only by the timely aid of Venus. Then the truce is broken by the Trojan Pandarus, who, at the crafty suggestion of Minerva, wounds Menelaus with an arrow. The gods and goddesses themselves take part in the fight. Diomedes slaughters many Trojans, and, with the aid of Minerva, wounds even Mars and Venus. In the sixth book, Hector retires from the battle to Troy and bids farewell to his wife, Andromache. In the seventh book, Hector and Ajax engage in single combat, and the Greeks are compelled to build a wall to protect their camp from the Trojans. Jupiter then commands the gods to refrain from giving aid to either side, while he himself gives the advantage to the Trojans. Fearing utter defeat, Agamemnon sends (ninth book) Ulysses, Ajax, and Phoenix to Achilles, offering to restore Briseis and to make all due amends, if he will come to the aid of his countrymen. Achilles sternly refuses.

Notwithstanding the prodigies of valor performed by the Greek chieftains, Hector and the Trojans continue to gain the upper hand, until, in the fifteenth book, they set fire to one of the Greek ships. Then Patroclus, the bosom friend of Achilles, begs and obtains permission to lead the Myrmidons to the rescue. Dressed in Achilles' armor, Patroclus checks the Trojan onslaught, and slays Sarpedon, the leader of the Lycians, but is himself slain by Hector.

Overcome with grief at the loss of his friend, and burning to avenge his death, Achilles becomes reconciled to Agamemnon, and prepares for battle. Clad in armor specially wrought for him by Vulcan, the god of fire and metallic art, he is the central figure of the battle. In the last eight books, "the figure of Achilles towers aloft and overshadows every other. His grief is as portentous as his wrath." He slaughters the Trojans without mercy, and drives them within their walls. Finally he meets Hector in single combat, slays him, and drags his body, tied to his chariot, to the Greek camp. In the twenty-third book, Achilles pays the last rites to his friend Patroclus and institutes games in his honor. In the twenty-fourth book, the aged King Priam seeks the tent of Achilles to ransom the body of Hector. Achilles receives him courteously and accepts the ransom. The poem concludes with the burial rites for Hector in Troy.

Such in brief is the story of the "Iliad." Up to the close of the last century, it was generally believed that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were the work of a single poet. In 1795, however, Friedrich August Wolf, a professor in the University of Halle, Prussia, published a work called "Prolegomena to Homer," which was the beginning of a controversy that is not yet ended. Wolf contended that the Homeric poems were originally lays or ballads, composed separately, and handed down by memory without the aid of writing. These lays were afterwards reduced to writing, patched together into their present form, and "polished and amended" by a number of editors, probably in

the age of Pisistratus (about 550 B.C.). He founds his conclusions, first, on the alleged lack of writing in the Achæan age; second, on the existence of certain inconsistencies in the narrative; and, third, on the presence, in some parts of the poem, of less archaic grammatical forms than in other parts. To these arguments, the answer is made that it is by no means certain that Homer was ignorant of writing; that the retention in the memory of a poem as long as the "Iliad" is not an impossible feat; and that, as to the inconsistencies in plot and language, "the old bards were not singing for minute inquirers and grammarians, but for people who freely, and even recklessly, gave play to their fancy as they listened."¹

While there are now few scholars, if any, who believe that the "Iliad" remains to-day as it was recited by Homer in the halls of Achæan princes, yet the prevailing opinion is that the "Iliad," if it is not "one epic by one hand," yet contains, though with additions of a later day, "one epic by one hand." The proof is the unity of the plot that runs throughout the poem—it treats of "one great, complex action." De Quincey ingeniously shows this unity of plot by tracing backwards the various steps through which it advances:

"Every canto," he says, "in this main section implies every other. Thus the funeral of Hector implies that his body had been ransomed. That fact implies the whole journey of Priam to the tents of Achilles. This journey, so fatiguing to the aged king, and, in the compulsory absence of his bodyguard, so alarming to a feeble old prince, implies the death and capture of Hector. For no calamity less than *that* could have prompted such an extreme step as a suppliant and perilous pilgrimage to the capital enemy of his house and throne. But how should Hector and Achilles have met in battle, after the wrathful vow of Achilles? That argues the death of Patroclus as furnishing the sufficient motive. But the death of Patroclus argues the death of Sarpedon, the Trojan ally, which it was that roused the vindictive fury of Hector. These events in their turn argue the previous success of the Trojans, which had

¹ Andrew Lang, *Homer and the Epic*, p. 79.

moved Patroclus to interfere. And this success of the Trojans argues the absence of Achilles, which again argues the feud with Agamemnon. The whole of this story unfolds like a process of vegetation."

But this is not all. The plot of the "Iliad" evolves the character of Achilles in such wise that it could have emanated only from a single brain. De Quincey has sketched this character in a passage of surpassing eloquence:

"Now, this unity is sufficiently secured if it should appear that a considerable section of the 'Iliad'—and that section by far the most full of motion, of human interest, of tragical catastrophe, and through which runs, as the connecting principle, a character the most brilliant, magnanimous, and noble, that Pagan morality could conceive—was, and must have been, the work and conception of a single mind. Achilles revolves through that section of the 'Iliad' in a series of phases, each of which looks forward and backward to all the rest. He travels like the sun through his diurnal course. We see him first of all rising upon us as a princely councillor for the welfare of the Grecian host. We see him atrociously insulted in this office; yet, still, though a king, and unused to opposition, and boiling with youthful blood, nevertheless controlling his passion, and retiring in clouded majesty. Even thus, though having now so excellent a plea for leaving the army, and though aware of the early death that awaited him if he staid, he disdains to profit by the evasion. We see him still living in the tented field, and generously unable to desert those who had so insultingly deserted *him*. We see him in a dignified retirement, fulfilling all the duties of religion, friendship, hospitality; and, like an accomplished man of taste, cultivating the arts of peace. We see him so far surrendering his wrath to the earnest persuasion of friendship, that he comes forth at a critical moment for the Greeks to save them from ruin. What are his arms? He has none at all. Simply by his voice he changes the face of the battle. He shouts, and nations fly from the sound. Never but once again is such a shout recorded by a poet:

'He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

Who called? *That* shout was the shout of an archangel. Next we see him reluctantly allowing his dearest friend to assume his own arms; the kindness and the modesty of his nature forbidding him to

suggest, that not the divine weapons but the immortal arm of the wielder had made them invincible. His friend perishes. Then we see him rise in his noontide wrath, before which no life could stand. The frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable. He sweeps the field of battle like a monsoon. His revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven. We now recognize the goddess-born. This is his avatar—the incarnate descent of his wrath. Had he moved to battle under the ordinary impulses of Ajax, Diomed, and the other heroes, we never could have sympathised or gone along with so withering a course. We should have viewed him as a 'scourge of God,' or fiend, born for the tears of wives and the maledictions of mothers. But the poet, before he would let him loose upon men, creates for him a sufficient, or at least palliating, motive. In the sternest of his acts we read only the anguish of his grief. This is surely the perfection of art. At length the work of destruction is finished; but if the poet leaves him at this point, there would be a want of repose, and we should be left with a painful impression of his hero as forgetting the earlier humanities of his nature, and brought forward only for final exhibition in his terrific phases. Now, therefore, by machinery the most natural, we see this paramount hero travelling back within our gentler sympathies, and revolving to his rest like the vesper sun disrobed of his blazing terrors. We see him settling down to that humane and princely character in which he had been first exhibited; we see him relenting at the sight of Priam's gray hairs, touched with the sense of human calamity, and once again mastering his passion (grief now) as formerly he had mastered his wrath. He consents that his feud shall sleep; he surrenders the corpse of his capital enemy; and the last farewell chords of the poem rise with a solemn intonation from the grave of 'Hector, the tamer of horses'—that noble soldier who had so long been the column of his country, and to whom, in his dying moments, the stern Achilles had declared—but then in the middle career of his grief—that no honorable burial should ever be granted."

Furthermore, the "Iliad" discloses not only a unity of plot, but a unity of style. Homer, says Mr. Gladstone, is "the most characteristic of all poets." "Traits personal to himself inhere in his whole work, and perpetually reappear upon the surface." Matthew Arnold has pointed out four of the most striking of these traits:¹ Homer is

¹ Matthew Arnold, *On Translating Homer*, p. 149.

eminently rapid in his movement; Homer is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words; Homer is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas; and, finally, Homer is eminently noble in his manner.

What Arnold means by nobleness in style—by "the grand style"—he defines thus: "I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, *when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.*" Milton is perhaps the best exemplar of the grand style in "severity;" when the poet compresses a world of thought into a few words—"when the poet's mind is too full charged to suffer him to speak more explicitly." The following from Wordsworth is an example which no one can mistake, and which should be borne in mind as a "touchstone" to apply to other poetry:

"The ante-chapel, where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone."

Homer himself furnishes the best examples of the grand style in simplicity—"when a noble nature and a poetical gift unite to utter a thing with the most limpid plainness and clearness." The following from the twenty-fourth book is a perfect illustration:

ἔτλην δ', οἷ' οὐπω τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνου ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι.

"And I have endured—the like whereof no soul upon the earth hath yet endured—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child."

"The noble manner of Homer," says Professor Jebb, "lends itself with equal ease to every mood of human life; it can render the vehemence of dark passions, or reflect the splendor of battle; but it is not less truly itself in

shedding a sunny or tender grace over the gentlest or homeliest of scenes."¹

In the use of the simile, Professor Jebb points out another characteristic of Homer's style. "The first point to observe," he says, "is that Homeric simile is not a mere ornament. It serves to introduce something which Homer desires to render exceptionally impressive—some moment, it may be, of peculiarly intense action—some sight, or sound, full of wonder, or terror, or pity—in a word, something *great*. He wishes to prepare us for it by first describing something similar, only more familiar, which he feels sure of being able to make us see clearly." To this end he takes pains to give all the details of the "something similar" that are necessary to impart clear-cut, sharp outlines to the picture. "When Homer," continues Professor Jebb, "compares A to B, he will often add details concerning B which have no bearing on the comparison. For instance, when the sea-god Poseidon soars into the air from the Trojan plain, he is compared to a hawk (xiii., 62),—

'That from a beetling brow of rock
Launched in mid air forth dashes to pursue
Some lesser bird along the plain below:'

but Poseidon is not pursuing anyone; the point of similitude is solely the speed through the air." The detail in the third line is added "to place a concrete image before the mind." "The hawk, for example, to whom Poseidon is likened, is more vividly conceived when it is described as doing a particular act characteristic of a hawk, viz., pursuing another bird." "The poet's delight in a picture," Professor Jebb continues, "and the Hellenic love of clear-cut form, are certainly present; but both are subordinate to a sense that the object which furnishes the

¹ R. C. Jebb, *Homer: an Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey*, p. 18.

simile must be distinct before the simile itself can be effective."

Again, not only does Homer endow each of his great personages with a striking individuality of character, but he is in the main consistent in the portraiture of each individual throughout the "Iliad." This trait has been described by De Quincey in the case of Achilles. The following statement by Professor Jebb epitomizes the more prominent types, human and divine, found in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey":

"Fresh, direct, and noble, the Homeric mode of presenting life has been singularly potent in tracing certain types of character which ever since have stood out clearly before the imagination of the world. Such, in the first place, are the heroes of the two epics—Achilles, the type of heroic might, violent in anger and in sorrow, capable also of chivalrous and tender compassion; Odysseus, the type of resourceful intelligence joined to heroic endurance,—one in whom the power of Homer is seen even better, perhaps, than in Achilles, since the debased Odysseus of later Greek poetry never succeeded in effacing the nobler image of his Homeric original. Such, again, are the Homeric types of women, so remarkable for true and fine insight—Andromache, the young wife and mother, who, in losing Hector, must lose all; Penelope, loyal, under hard trial, to her long-absent lord; the Helen of the 'Iliad,' remorseful, clear-sighted, keenly sensitive to any kindness shown her at Troy; the Helen of the 'Odyssey,' restored to honor in her home at Sparta; the maiden Nausicaa, so beautiful in the dawning promise of a noble womanhood,—perfect in her delicacy, her grace, and her generous courage. From Agamemnon to Thersites there is no prominent agent in the Homeric epic on whom Homer has not set the stamp of some quality which we can feel as distinctive. The divine types of character are marked as clearly, and in the same manner, as the human;—Zeus, the imperious but genial ruler of the Olympian family,—intolerant of competing might, but manageable through his affections or his appetites; Hera, his wife, who never loses sight of her great aim—the advancement of the Greek cause—but whose sometimes mutinous petulance is tempered by a feminine perception of the point at which her lord's character requires that she should take refuge in blandishments; Apollo, the minister of death, the prophet, active in upholding the decrees of his father Zeus, and never at discord with him; Athene, who, unlike her brother Apollo, is often opposed to the purposes of

Zeus,—at once a mighty goddess of war, and the goddess who presides over art and industry."

If then, the "Iliad" possesses unity of plot; if its style is throughout marked by the same characteristics—rapidity in movement, plainness and directness in language, plainness and directness in thought, nobleness in manner, and fulness of detail in similitudes; and if its types of character are consistent with themselves—the conclusion is difficult to resist that the poem was substantially the work of one man, who is called Homer. Changes there have been in the text, no doubt; interpolations there have been, also; and probably large additions: but the original "Iliad" that fell from Homer's lips is the groundwork—is the chief part—of the "Iliad" translated by Alexander Pope. "The æsthetic critic," says John Addington Symonds, "finds no difficulty in conceding, nay, is eager to claim, a long genealogy through antecedent, now forgotten, poems of the 'Iliad.' But about this, of one thing, at any rate, he will be sure, after due experience of the tests applied by Wolf and his followers, that a great artist gave its present form to the 'Iliad;' that he chose from the whole Trojan tale a central subject for development; and that all the episodes and collateral matter with which he enriched his epic were arranged by him with a view to the effect that he had calculated."

Who, then, was Homer? When and where did he live? No definite answer can be made to these questions. The conclusion reached by the majority of scholars—a conclusion derived chiefly from the internal evidence of the poems themselves—is that the author of the "Iliad" was a European Greek, who lived before the Greek colonies were planted in Asia Minor. Many cities, the list of which Cicero embodied in a hexameter line,—

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenæ,"

claimed to be the birthplace of Homer; but their claims

probably mean no more than that these places were at various times centres of interest in Homeric poetry.

A more important question arises as to how far the "Iliad," within a mass of mythological and poetic lore, embodies a kernel of historic fact. The discoveries of Schliemann and others at Mycenæ and Tiryns in Argolis, the former of which Homer represents as the capital of Agamemnon's kingdom, reveal a pre-historic civilisation which scholars generally agree in regarding as Achæan. Furthermore, Schliemann has proved that in the Troad—the region in which the "Iliad" locates Troy—there actually existed a great city that flourished in pre-historic times, before the planting of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. The exact localising of the scenes of the poem gives color to the assumption that before the dawn of history a great Achæan armament, under the leadership of Agamemnon, invaded and conquered the Troad, or land of Troy.

The Troad is the northwestern promontory of Asia Minor. It is bounded on the north by the Hellespont (Dardanelles), and the western part of the Propontis (Sea of Marmora); on the west, by the Ægean Sea; on the south, by the Gulf of Adramyttium; and on the east, by the range of Mt. Ida. Through this territory the river Scamander (the modern name is Mendere) flows first west and then northwest from Mt. Ida to the Hellespont. From the point where the Scamander empties into the Hellespont, a plain extends north along the coast about eight miles, with a varying breadth from east to west of from two to three miles. In this plain there are two sites of ancient cities, both of which have been claimed as the sites of Homer's Troy. One of these is the flat mound of Hissarlik, elevated about one hundred and twelve feet above the open plain, in which Dr. Schliemann found, below the remains of Greek cities, the first of which was probably founded about 700 B.C., the remains of a pre-historic town which he identified as Troy. Professor Jebb, on the other

hand, holds that this town does not fulfil the description of Homer, who tells of a city with a high acropolis, or citadel, from which precipitous rocks descend to the plain beneath. He prefers to locate Troy, not at Hissarlik, but on the hill called Bali Dagħ, above the village of Bunarbashi, near the southern extremity of the Trojan plain. This hill exactly answers Homer's description. It has a height of about four hundred feet, with sheer precipices descending on the south and southwest to the valley of the Scamander. It also contains the remains of an ancient city. Until quite recently it was supposed that two springs or wells to the northwest of this hill are identical with the two springs mentioned in the twenty-second book. If such springs exist, the evidence in favor of the latter site would be well nigh conclusive. Explorers are now, however, pretty well agreed either that no such springs—one hot and one cold—ever existed in the plain of Scamander, or that they have disappeared. The springs that fit Homer's description are twenty miles distant, on the slope of Mt. Ida. The controversy over these two sites—that at Hissarlik and that at Bali Dagħ—is still waging among archæologists, and will be settled only by some conclusive discovery.

II. LIFE IN HOMERIC TIMES.

Whatever theory may be held as to the amount of historic truth in the tale of Troy, there can be no doubt that Homer describes, probably with poetical exaggeration, a political, social, and religious life that had a real existence. As some knowledge of this life is necessary to an intelligent reading of the "Iliad," the main points are briefly presented:

1. *Geography.*—The earth is imagined as a round plane, encircled by the river Oceanus. The sky is the roof of the earth, supported by pillars which the giant Atlas (supposed by mythologists to represent the sea) supports. The only

regions with which Homer is accurately acquainted are Greece and the northwest corner of Asia Minor. The generic name for the Greeks is Achæans. They are also called Argives, because of the prominent part taken by Argos in the war; and Danai, another name for Argives, because Danaus, the grandson of the sea-god Poseidon, was the reputed founder of Argos and ancestor of the race. The name "Achæan Argos" includes the greater part of the Peloponnesus; while the term "Pelasgian Argos" indicates Thessaly. In Asia Minor, in addition to the Troad, Homer refers to Mæonia, now identified with Lydia; Phrygia, and the islands of Tenedos, Imbros, Samothrace, Lesbos, and Lemnos. He also refers to the Egyptian Thebes, Phœnicia, and Sidon, to the "Æthiopes" in the south, and to the "Pygmies" who dwell by the banks of Oceanus.

2. *Political Life.*—The head of the state is the king (*basileus*) who rules by hereditary and divine right. The king is general in time of war, supreme judge, president of the council of elders and of the assembly of the whole people, and, in public sacrifices, chief priest. In the Trojan war, the other kings forming the council hold the same relation to Agamemnon that local elders do to a local king. The whole army constitutes the assembly. Its members, however, do nothing more than assent to the propositions debated by the kings. When Thersites, one of the "commons," attempts to dispute with Agamemnon, he is rebuked and beaten by Ulysses, to the great amusement of the army.

3. *Religion.*—The gods, among whom Zeus is supreme, dwell "apart" on the top of Mount Olympus in Thessaly, in palaces built by Hephæstus, the artificer of their order. "The basis of Homeric religion," says Professor Jebb, "is the feeling that 'all men have need of the gods,' and that the gods are quickly responsive to this need, if they are duly worshipped." The means of worship are sacrifice and prayer. In Homer, the individual offers sacrifice

directly, not through priests. The priest (*hiereus*) is known only as the keeper of a local shrine, and should be distinguished from the soothsayer (*mantis*).

As Pope uses both the Latin and the Greek names of the divinities according to the exigencies of his verse, the names are here presented in both forms:

Greek.	Latin.
Cronus.	Saturn.
Zeus.	Jupiter, Jove.
Hades.	Pluto.
Poseidon.	Neptune.
Ares.	Mars.
Hephæstus.	Vulcan.
Phæbus-Apollo.	Apollo.
Hermes.	Mercury.
Dionysus.	Bacchus.
Hera.	Juno.
Pallas-Athene.	Minerva.
Aphrodite.	Venus.
Artemis.	Diana.

4. *Fate*.—Closely connected with religious ideas is the idea of fate, as something which controls the lives and actions of men, and to which even the gods must bow, as when, in Book xxii., Jove weighs the fates of Achilles and Hector. Fate, under the metaphor of a spinner of thread, is usually represented as laying out a man's destiny at birth, assigning to him both good and evil. The idea of evil, however, is usually more prominent; often fate stands for the weaver of a death doom. The "Three Fates" are the product of a later mythology.

5. *The Family*.—"The ties of the family," says Professor Jebb, "are sacred in every relation,—between husband and wife, parent and child, kinsman and kinsman. Polygamy is not found among the Greeks." The touching picture of Hector and Andromache in the sixth book, shows the position of respect and honor held by the wife and mother in the household.

6. *Slavery*.—Slavery existed. It was the doom of prisoners of war. The slaves served in the household; they were not bound to the soil (*adscripti glebæ*). The slave could hold property. Yet the loss of manhood and respect involved in slavery was generally recognized.

7. *A moral law*.—*Themis*, "custom established by dooms," acts as a restraining influence within recognized relationships. "In the very groundwork of both the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' the cause of Greece and the cause of Odysseus, which gain the upper hand, are each the cause of right, justice, and the family order" (Gladstone). "No small proportion of writers in the Christian period fail to carry our instincts of approval and disapproval to their proper aims with the unfailing rectitude of Homer" (Gladstone). "There is no trace among the Homeric Greeks of Oriental vice or cruelty in its worst forms" (Jebb). The feeling of disapproval that follows the breaking of *themis* is called *aidos*, "sense of honor," "shame." *Nemesis*, "righteous indignation," is the feeling with which a Homeric Greek regarded a breach of *themis* in another. Outside of relations established by custom, *themis* was not recognized. Hence it is that "manners of the noblest chivalry and truest refinement are strangely crossed by traits of coarseness or ferocity. There are moments when the Homeric hero is almost a savage" (Jebb). The Erinyes, or Furies, are the powers that punish sins against the family, the aged, and the poor.

8. *The Arts*.—Hewn and polished stone is used for building, but statuary or figure sculpture in stone is apparently unknown. Gold, silver, and bronze are used for decorating armor, cups, furniture, etc.

9. *Dress*.—Homer's man wears a loin cloth or drawers (*zoma*), a shirt or tunic (*chiton*), under a mantle (*chlaina*). His woman wears a robe reaching to her feet, and gathered at the waist by a girdle (*zone*). "On her head she sometimes wears a high, stiff coil, over the middle of which passes a many-colored twisted band, while a golden fillet

glitters at the front. Either from the coif, or directly from the crown of the head, a veil falls over the shoulders and back."

10. *Armor*.—A German writer, Dr. Wolfgang Reichel, has recently shown that the views hitherto held with regard to Homeric armor are erroneous. The following statement is summarized from the account of Dr. Reichel's researches given in Leaf and Bayfield's edition of the "Iliad." The chief pieces of Homeric armor are the shield, the greaves, the belt, the helmet, the spear, and the sword.

The shield (*aspis*) was composed of several layers of ox-hide of a circular shape, firmly stitched together. The edges are drawn inward (toward the holder) at two points a little above the horizontal diameter. A piece of wood runs from top to bottom of the shield, close against the leather. Another piece of wood is placed horizontally between the two points where the edges are drawn inwards. The middle part of the latter serves as a handle. The outer face of the shield is covered with metal, laid on in concentric rings and highly ornamented, as was the shield of Achilles. Studs of metal (*omphaloi*) were disposed round the circumference. The shield was suspended by a broad baldrick of leather, which passed under the right arm and rested on the left shoulder. When hanging from the shoulder in front, it reached from the neck to the middle of the shin. "It was the great weight of the shield that led to the use of the war-chariot, which, as the poems show, the warriors did not employ to fight from, but as a means of rapid transport from one part of the field to another." Shields were also made in rectangular or half-cylinder form.

The greaves (*knemides*) were gaiters of leather or soft metal like tin. They went all around the leg and were tied with strings at the knee. They were worn not as a protection against the foe, but to prevent the chafing of the legs by the edge of the shield.

The *thorax* has been generally regarded as a corselet or breast-plate of metal, composed of two pieces, one for the back and one for the breast. Reichel regards it as simply a generic term for armor. This interpretation is, however, very doubtful. The breast-plate was an important part of Greek armor in historic times.

The belt (*mitre*) was a band of metal worn round the waist, broad in front, and tapering toward the extremities, which were attached behind the back. The helmet (*Korus*) was constructed of leather overlaid with metal. It was secured by a strap under the chin. It was surmounted at the top by a plume, but had no metal "crest" like the later Greek helmet, nor had it either visor or cheek pieces.

Archers wore, instead of a shield, the complete skin of an animal dressed with the hair. The head of the skin was fastened over the left shoulder. As archers did not carry shields, they did not wear greaves.

The spear was the chief offensive weapon. It was hurled from the hand like the javelin of later times.

The swords (*xiphos*) found at Mycenæ are about three feet long, broad at the hilt, double-edged, and tapering to a sharp point. They appear to have been used for the thrust rather than the stroke. They are often decorated with pictures of running animals.

The war-chariot (*harma*) contained space for two, the driver and the warrior. It had a curved rim in front and at the sides, was entered from behind, and was drawn generally by two horses, sometimes by three.

III. ALEXANDER POPE: HIS LIFE, HIS AGE, AND HIS WORK.

It may be taken for granted that in reading Pope's translation of the "Iliad," the student's interest will, at the outset, be absorbed by Homer's fascinating story. By and by it will probably extend to Homer himself, the

story-teller. Finally, it may widen so as to include Pope, the interpreter between the reader and the great Greek whose language (we will assume) he does not understand. He must be cautioned not to slight Pope, and be helped to appreciate at their high worth the services of an interpreter who sought by the most careful art to communicate, not merely the sense of the Greek poet's words, but something of their power and grace. Let him realize the fact that this work of interpretation has been done by an acknowledged master of English speech, himself one of the first of poets; and that it has independent value as an English classic. All great translations, the Bible, Dryden's "Virgil," Browning's "Euripides," have this twofold significance. They belong to two literatures: they are monuments both of the genius of the original writer and his times, and of the genius of the translator and his literary epoch. Having treated in the preceding sections of Homer and his work, we have now to consider Pope and his. We may then be able to recognize and account for the special merits and shortcomings of his translation, and to see the relation which it bears to his other work.

If the student, after reading carefully the work of Pope here given, will dip into the most famous of his original poems, he will probably be struck at once by the fact that they are all cast in the same form, and have most obvious uniformities of style. They are all written in the ten-syllable couplet; and they exhibit the same clear, terse, spirited, epigrammatic manner. These similarities will serve to explain the basis of Pope's reputation as a writer, and the place which he holds in the history of English literature. He is regarded as the greatest master of this special style of his in the heroic couplet, and, on this account, as the representative poet of the literary epoch to which he belongs—an epoch of effort to attain those qualities of clearness, finish, and liveliness in which his best work is unrivalled. Let us try to understand how and why this is so.

The quiet age of Pope succeeded the agitated age of Shakspeare and Milton, of Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne; and it was in reaction against the exuberant spirit of that age. If we turn from the works of the earlier to those of the later period, we shall be conscious at once of a great change of atmosphere, of literary tone. It is as if we had passed from a company of mercurial, impressionable fellows, easily moved to tears or laughter, full of a deep sense of the dramatic changes and issues of life,—its terrible tragedy, its exquisite pathos, its humorous follies; had passed from these to a circle of clever but rather cold-blooded and cynically-disposed gentlemen, whom the spectacle of life thrills with no such impassioned feelings, but is a source of mild interest and amusement. What a cooling off of the heats of passion there has been! What studied conventionalities of manner have come into vogue! We miss in the work of these men of the later time the imaginative power, the quick-pulsing feeling, the lyrical sweetness and tenderness, the penetrating insight of their fore-runners of the great Elizabethan era. Do we find nothing new to admire? Surely we do. We feel a certain charm in the easy, composed manners of these more decorous and formal gentlemen. We are entertained by the skilful parry and thrust of their wit,—coarse, very coarse, and even cynically brutal at times, to be sure; but more often incisive and entertaining. We are instructed by the studied felicities of their speech; the pointed phrase, the compact epigram, the clear, clinching sentences. The broken, involved, and turgid utterances of the men of passion and imagination have given way to the precise, brief, uninvolved periods of the men of sober sense and ingenious fancy.

Pope, more than any other writer, represents this reaction of a rather prim formalism against the inspired informalism of the Elizabethan age. He sums up, as no one else does, the losses and the gains of the change. He brings into clear relief the special importance and the dis-

tinctive achievement of the Restoration period; a period devoted to the study of literary form; a period in which Englishmen learned for the first time how to write lucid prose; a period in which even poetry, depressed by the prosaic tendencies of the age, lent itself to this task of teaching men how to express themselves with clearness, precision, orderliness, and effect.

Roughly speaking, this period covered about a century—the century that gives us Addison, Steele, Defoe, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, the earliest masters of a well-wrought prose style. It was ushered in by Dryden (1631–1700), who mediates between the age of Milton (1608–1674) and that of Pope (1688–1744). In the work of Dryden, especially in his classical essays on the drama, the restrained analytical spirit of the new critical epoch was apparent; and his own prose, cured of the extravagances and the straggling looseness of the prose of Milton's time, was its first notable product. In the growth of the analytical spirit, the new regard for form, the new search for the laws of literary structure, the influence of France counted for much. The great French writers of the time had been the pioneers in the territory of a new criticism based on an enthusiastic study of the ancients. Bossuet, Fénelon, and Pascal, Corneille, Molière, Racine, and other distinguished writers whom Louis XIV. had gathered about him at the French court, were much read and admired. The great poet and critic Boileau became a sort of lawgiver to English writers. His "Art of Poetry" (1673) was reproduced in an English translation that was revised by Dryden, and it was the basis of Pope's famous "Essay on Criticism." Dryden, who in his later years showed great sensitiveness to these Gallic influences, was, it should be remembered, Pope's master, and transmitted the new tendencies to Pope.

Literature reflects life; and we have been taught by one powerful school of modern critics to seek explanation of the varying phases of literary and artistic development in

the social and political changes of the centuries. In the case of Pope it is certainly true that there is a very close connection between literature and life, and that much of what he wrote is explicable only in the light of the history of his times. Not only the spirit of his age, but its events and personages, are reflected in his pages. So personal and contemporary in its allusions is much of his best work that, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "fully to elucidate his poems, a commentator requires to have at his fingers' ends the whole *chronique scandaleuse* of the day." This is unfortunate, so far as the young student of Pope's work and influence is concerned. The chronicles of scandal are not edifying reading; and the voluminous records of Pope's time are a most unsavory and unwholesome diet. However, Mr. Stephen's statement is perhaps a little misleading, a little too sweeping. There is a good body of Pope's work that may be enjoyed without delving very deep into this malarious soil of scandal. The translations, of course, the "Essay on Criticism," the "Moral Essays," even the "Rape of the Lock," are free from the infection. Unfortunately, however, Pope's maturest, strongest, most individual work,—the "Satires," and the "Dunciad,"—in fact, all those pieces in which the age, its personages, and its manners are brought vividly before us,—is the work to which Mr. Stephen's remarks apply. The more the spirit of the age finds expression in Pope's work, the less admirable is it as regards its substance; for the spirit of the age was one of intrigue, jealousy, slander, and bitter abuse. It was an age stirred by no great issues, conscious of no great tasks. The heroic temper was for the time dead; men's aims and interests were petty and trivial. The leaders of men were little better than political gamblers, and they laid hands upon literature to serve their ends. Hence it came that the writers, bribed by political patronage, shared the partisan spirit, and were divided into two envious camps of Whigs and Tories. Only a few of the greater writers—and, happily, Pope was among them—

retained their integrity and independence, and rose above the strife and plotting of factions.

With no momentous questions to decide, the people settled down to an easy-going life of pleasure, and beguiled the idle time with endless gossip and scandal. Country life was voted tiresome; and those who could do so, flocked to the towns for excitement. In London the fashionable dabbled in literature; and the wits and beaux either amused themselves with the clever talkers and scribes at the coffee-houses and clubs, or enjoyed the fripperies and follies of the Mall, where fashion disported itself.

Superior as Pope was in many respects to the average literary man of his time, the taint of the age is upon him. In truth, there is very little in his character or personal history that is lovable and engaging. He shows some noble traits which mitigate the severity of the judgment that has to be passed upon him on the score of the numerous contemptible acts of which he was guilty; but despite these good qualities, his life was unlovely and his personality unattractive—even repellent. The curse of his disposition was vanity, with its accompanying vices, pride and jealousy; and it led him to bend at times to acts of incredible meanness and deception. It made him ridiculously sensitive to and resentful of criticism, and foolishly covetous of praise and flattery. He could be savagely malicious toward his enemies, and occasionally he sacrificed his friends to this all-consuming passion.

The basis of his irritability was physical. He was diseased; sickly as a child, and weak and deformed throughout his life,—“this long disease, my life,” as he pathetically speaks of it in the autobiographical epistle to Arbuthnot. He became, in consequence, the butt of wits whom he had offended; for example, waspish old John Dennis, the critic, who, unsparing of the coarse and copious invective of the time, did not hesitate to make scornful reference to his “contemptible person” as that of “a downright monkey.” Smarting under such indignities,

Pope deigned to strike back with similar weapons of abuse. This is all very deplorable; and little is to be gained by dwelling upon such failings. We will turn then from Pope, the vain, scheming, unscrupulous man, to Pope the writer, single-minded in his pursuit of literary excellence.

“No man,” says Mr. Stephen, “ever displayed a more exclusive devotion to literature, or was more tremblingly sensitive to the charm of literary glory. His zeal was never distracted by any rival emotion. Almost from his cradle to his grave his eye was fixed unremittingly upon the sole purpose of his life.” This dominating ambition led him to fight a brave, life-long battle against his inherited weakness and other disadvantages (notably that of being a Catholic) which handicapped him from the outset. The boy was only twelve years old when, after a desultory education, he left school to settle down with his parents in their quiet country home at Binfield, near Windsor. Already he had virtually decided upon a literary career; and, forming a plan of study, he began at once to serve a laborious apprenticeship in the craft of letters. He read unceasingly, to the further injuring of his health, and he wrote very much by way of practice. Never did a youth set himself more deliberately to work to acquire the art of writing, and to give effect to the conviction that one may prepare oneself for the difficult vocation of the writer, as for any other professional calling, by hard work. We are reminded of the young Milton, with his priest-like dedication of himself to a similar calling; and of young Keats, early engaged in the strenuous service of the Muses. But perhaps the best parallel is one drawn from our own times; the instance of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, as a boy, was stirred by a like ambition, and strove in the same deliberate way to become a master of speech. Stevenson’s confession is worth quoting for the light it throws on a temperament and an ambition such as Pope’s. “I had vowed,” he says, when reviewing his boyish aspirations,

"that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. . . . Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, . . . in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, in the coördination of parts. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." Yes, in that way Pope learned. He imitated his favorite poets; he tried all styles, and handled the most varied subjects. Before he was fifteen he had composed an epic in which he endeavored to reproduce in different parts the beauties of Dryden, Milton, Cowley, and Spenser; of Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and other admired masters. Moreover, he sought to improve himself by translating freely from the ancients, particularly from the Latin poets, those passages which struck his fancy. At the same time he sought to cultivate the critical instinct, and studied diligently the critical literature of the time, especially the great French writers commended by his master, Dryden.

The early efforts of the young writer met with much encouragement from some gentlemen of taste whom he came to know. His career as an author may be said to date from the publication in 1709 of his "Pastorals," which he wrote, as he was most anxious to impress upon his readers, when only sixteen years old. They are imitative, and highly affected and artificial. In spite of the fact that the boyish author had lived in the country, there was no breath of country air in the pages. They were mechanical reproductions of the ancients, and repeopled the glades of Windsor and the banks of Thames with all the dead rout of sylvan gods and goddesses, nymphs, dryads, and their kind. The lines were, however, promising by

reason of their facile and yet careful art. They were "correct;" and in an age which aimed at correctness, this was an important virtue. So thought one of his admirers, a country gentleman and writer, William Walsh, who had been spoken of by Dryden as the best critic of his time. Walsh gave to Pope a piece of advice which commended itself to the young writer because it accorded so well with his own instincts and tendencies. Walsh bade him aim at correctness; there had, he said, been great poets, but never a great poet that had been correct. Henceforth Pope heeded this counsel of perfection, and often heeded it a little too well. Like those persons who are extremely anxious to observe the proprieties in their manners, his besetting danger was to become stilted, stiff, lacking in spontaneous grace.

Pope's first important work, the "Essay on Criticism," was clearly indicative of his aims and his point of view both as poet and as critic. It was a statement of his literary creed; and it found instant acceptance by the cultivated people of the time because it formulated theirs with that happy precision and clear, epigrammatic force which they especially admired. Owing much to Boileau's "Art of Poetry," and epitomizing the best critical opinion of the epoch, it was not original in any way. It aimed to set forth

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

It made appeal to nature and to the past; to tradition and rule, to classic models and standards. First follow nature, counsels the poet:

"First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same."

But, as if at once to confuse the issue, nature is identified with tradition:

"Those rules, of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized ;"

and he adds, alluding to the great critic of antiquity, Aristotle:

"Nature and Homer were, he found, the same."

These lines are significant as showing the kind of importance attached to Homer by Pope and his contemporaries; and they serve to explain why, a little later, Pope undertook his great labor of translation.

The "Essay on Criticism" was followed by the "Rape of the Lock" (1712-1714), "Windsor Forest" (1713), the "Temple of Fame" (1715), the "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady" (1717), "Eloisa to Abelard" (1717). These poems show the rapid ripening of Pope's powers, and in their best parts evince a glow of feeling which we do not find again in his work. One of them, the "Rape of the Lock," is of peculiar excellence. It was an attempt to make fun of an incident in high life that threatened to bring about a family broil. A certain bold nobleman had impudently cut off a lock of hair from a lady whom he admired. This impudent theft was resented, and serious consequences seemed likely to follow, when Pope was begged to play the part of peace-maker by turning the affair into ridicule. He responded, and produced, with happy effect, the daintiest of mock-heroic poems. It has no rival in the language; it is one of the most ingenious, fanciful, witty, and airy of poems.

Pope had now won a series of brilliant successes, and had become one of the foremost writers of his time. He had made many powerful friends; among them Swift, who did what he could to advance the young writer whom he so greatly admired. Pope had decided to translate Homer, and, following a rather common practice of the period, to issue the translation by subscription. Swift was most energetic in urging people to subscribe for it, and it was not long before a great sale was assured. The "Iliad" was issued in six volumes, at a guinea a volume; the first volume appeared in 1715, the last in 1720. The splendid

reception it met with encouraged Pope to undertake a version of the "Odyssey," which he made with the poorly paid assistance of two needy scholars, who did most of the work. It has been calculated that these translations together brought Pope about £9,000; a handsomer reward than any English poet had ever earned.

This pecuniary success enabled Pope to gratify his wish to live nearer London; so in 1716 the Binfield property was sold, and the family removed to Chiswick, on the Thames; and two years later, on the death of his father, Pope went a little farther up the river, to Twickenham, to occupy a house and property which he purchased. Here he lived until his death, in the villa with which his memory is generally associated.

He continued to work as assiduously as ever. He turned every minute to account, often rising in the middle of the night to jot down a happy thought. Nothing could conquer his indomitable spirit, housed though it was in so frail and shattered a body. After completing the translations of Homer, he published the "Dunciad" (1728), a work which was the outcome of a scheme formed by him and his friends to scourge the dunces and pedants of his time. The group of friends, which included the great Swift, the poets Gay and Parnell, Atterbury, a scholar of taste, and Arbuthnot, a learned and accomplished physician, constituted an informal club, which they called the Scriblerus Club, because they were together to compile the memoirs and works of Martinus Scriblerus, "an imaginary pedant—a precursor and relative of Dr. Dryasdust,"—in which they were to satirize stupidity in the guise of learning. Nothing of importance resulted from their combined efforts; and later on Pope himself carried out the idea in the "Dunciad."

The poem shows Swift's influence, and reflects not a little of his splenetic, derisive, abusive temper. Pope lashes not only the great without mercy, but stoops in his onslaughts to the smallest pedlars of literary wares. De-

spite its fierceness, its cruel spite, and its coarseness, it has a vigor and power which are not equalled elsewhere in Pope's writings. It brought him into much trouble; for many of the persons attacked retaliated, and covered him with abuse and ridicule as coarse and unscrupulous as his own.

Whereas the "Dunciad" reflects Swift's influence upon Pope, in the works which followed, the "Moral Essays" (1731-1735), including the world-famous "Essay on Man," the paramount influence is that of the philosopher, Lord Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was a discredited politician, who, on his return from exile, devoted his energies to philosophy, and enjoyed the friendship and admiration of Pope. His ideas proved very attractive to Pope, who wished to gain a reputation as a great moralist and teacher, and he set about giving expression to them in verse. He was himself no thinker, no philosopher; at least he could not think connectedly and continuously. He thought in flashes; and his "Essay on Man" is not a sustained argument, but rather a series of detached reflections and aphorisms. They are borrowed from many sources, and most of them had filtered down to him by way of Bolingbroke. Pope is simply finding for them that condensed, lucid, trenchant expression which might give them their highest value. The sentences are clear-cut, and delicately polished to the utmost of literary power. Whether or no his theme is one fit for poet's pen, what a lesson to the philosopher is the poem in propriety of epithet, in economy of words, in ease and grace! The poet is indeed parsimonious to a fault sometimes, as in the elliptical lines:

"Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago."

But this almost miserly thrift of words was a fault on the right side, and may be pardoned. And then, how numerous are the quotable passages that are simply perfect in their kind! As one scans the text the eye is caught again and again by felicitous and picturesque lines:

"In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy,"

and others equally striking, which explain the hold this poem still retains upon the public. Its reasoning is often false and contradictory; it is wanting in the power and inevitable grace of the higher poetry; it addresses itself to the intellect and the fancy rather than to the imaginative reason; and yet it charms and interests, and keeps its place in public favor.

In the "Moral Essays" and in the "Satires and Epistles" (1735-1738) Pope has brought his manner to its highest efficiency. His touch is now the touch of the confident master-craftsman, who knows exactly what he is going to do, and the best way in which it may be done. Every stroke counts; is now fine and subtle, now bold and broad, as the end in view requires. And this is the outcome of that lifelong pursuit of correctness; of that infinite painstaking industry, that unrelenting "labor of the file." What lover of work that in its kind is almost flawless, can regard it without admiration? It may not be, it certainly is not, of the highest kind; it may fail, as it surely does, to lift and dilate the soul as does the work of the greatest artists and seers—Shakspeare or Milton, Chaucer or Spenser, Wordsworth or Byron, Shelley or Tennyson; but in its own way it is unsurpassed.

When Pope finished his last satire, in 1738, his health was rapidly giving way. During the six years that followed, he produced only another book of the "Dunciad." When at last the "slow pursuer," who seemed to have been dogging his footsteps through a life of sickness, overtook him, he was found serene and cheerful. Although he had made

so many enemies, devoted friends were not wanting in his last days. They tended him with affectionate care, and he became even jocular in their presence. "Here I am," he said, when the doctor had made an encouraging report upon his condition, "here I am, dying of a hundred good symptoms." After receiving the last sacraments of the Church to which he had remained loyal, he died resignedly and peacefully on May 30, 1744.

The man Pope, when we know the details of his life and character, awakens very mixed feelings in us; feelings that waver between disgust and pity, contempt and respect. On the whole, we are not tempted to linger in his presence, unless we meet him in his workshop about his business. There we may watch the industrious, careful workman with the greatest profit. There the young apprentice in the craft of writing may well spend much time in studying the ways of a master. It may seem paradoxical to say that Pope's chief service as a poet was that he taught men to write good prose; and yet that expresses the truth. He will not help much the making of great poets; but he will help to form efficient writers, experts, that is, in the difficult art of managing words. The young practitioner who is striving after the propriety and precision which his text-books of rhetoric insist upon, cannot do better than study his Pope long and well. He may begin with the translation of Homer, and then pass on to the "Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man," the "Epistle to Arbuthnot." Thus he may learn, if he will, what it is to be correct without being tiresome; to be sensible without being dull and trite; to be fanciful and suggestive without being whimsical and extravagant. He may fail of brilliancy and wit in his expression; but he may well have learned how to lend to the commonplace an air of novelty and interest, and to give to what thoughts he has, be they new or old, good or poor, the charms of happy conciseness, ease, and elegance.

IV. POPE'S HOMER.

There have been many noteworthy attempts to translate Homer into English verse, five of which have been made by poets of high rank, and may be said to be of permanent worth. These five are (1) that of the Elizabethan poet and dramatist, George Chapman, Shakspeare's contemporary (published, seven books, in 1598; the "Iliad" entire in 1610-11); (2) Pope's version, which, like Chapman's, is in rhymed verse; (3) the blank verse rendering of William Cowper (1791); (4) the version of the American poet, William Cullen Bryant (1869), also in blank verse; and (5) a rhymed verse rendering of the "Odyssey" by the living English poet, William Morris. Among these Pope's still holds an important place, and, perhaps, considered on its merits as a purely English poem, the foremost place. It differs from the others very greatly in style and form, as they too differ very greatly among themselves. These wide differences are instructive, as showing, not only the varying modes of several literary epochs, but great divergences in apprehending the distinctive qualities of Homer's work.

From the point of view of the best modern scholarship not one of these translations is satisfactory; for while they give well enough the substance of Homer's story, they fail to reproduce his wonderful and fascinating manner. Indeed, so wonderful and so unique is that manner that it cannot be reproduced, and Homer, as Mr. Andrew Lang insists, must be regarded as untranslatable. One version produces this good quality of the original, another that; but each will be lacking in some vital respect. "Chapman," to quote Mr. Lang, "makes Homer a fanciful, euphuistic, obscure, and garrulous Elizabethan, but Chapman has fire. Pope makes him a wit, spirited, occasionally noble, full of points and epigrams, and queer rococo conventionalisms. Cowper makes him slow, lum-

bering, a Milton without the music. . . . Homer is untranslatable. None of us can bend the bow of Eurytus, and make the bow-string 'ring sweetly at the touch, like the swallow's song.' The adventure is never to be achieved." Mr. Lang is doubtless right; but let us try to understand what has actually been achieved, especially in the case of Pope.

Pope seems to have been led to undertake the translation of Homer because he had from his youth been a great lover of Homer's epics, and thought that he appreciated their merits; and because he perceived the inadequacy of the former attempts to render them in English. The most famous of these had been Chapman's, which Pope criticises in the preface to his own "Iliad." He censures Chapman's "loose and rambling paraphrase," his frequent interpolations, his strained interpretations, his involved expression; but, showing his just and fine critical instinct, he praises Chapman for "the daring, fiery spirit that animates his translation," here singling out the quality for which Chapman's version is praised by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his famous essay, "On Translating Homer." How does Pope himself mend matters? He professes great reverence for Homer's text, and announces that he will take no unwarranted liberties with it. But he does take what to-day are regarded as great liberties, and were regarded by the highest scholarship, even in his own time, as liberties. This is shown in the celebrated judgment of his contemporary, the great Greek scholar, Bentley: "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Pope probably followed Homer as well as he could; but his equipment for his task was very slight. He knew comparatively little Greek; and his classical scholarship, although he loved to parade it, was neither profound nor extensive. He was obliged to seek the assistance of scholars to help him through difficult passages, and he made the most liberal use of existing translations, English, Latin, and French. We find in his work serious mistranslations,

and some unwarrantable omissions, expansions, and condensations. While, then, he improves upon Chapman as regards fidelity to the original, we must not, as Bentley put it, call his version Homer.

Turning from the substance to the style, to what extent, we may ask, is the spirit of Homer preserved in his rendering? According to Matthew Arnold, Homer has four main characteristics: "he is rapid in his movement, he is plain in his words and style, he is simple in his ideas, and he is noble in his manner." Again Pope's preface shows that, as a critic, he did not fail to apprehend that some of these qualities were the main features of Homer's style. He praises Homer's "unequalled fire and rapture," his rapidity, his flowing ease, and, above all, his "pure and noble simplicity." But it is one thing to praise these qualities; quite another to give proper effect to them in an English rendering. Pope, of course, could not escape from the influences and literary conventions of his age; and this age, although it might enlarge upon the noble simplicity of Homer, and so forth, was conspicuously deficient in that simplicity, and was incapable of giving expression to it. Pope shows this conclusively. He is continually spoiling the noble simplicity of Homer, continually sophisticating it. When Homer says simply that Apollo "let an arrow fly;" Pope ornaments thus: "And hissing fly the feathered fates below" (i., 68), which is onomatopoeic and alliterative, but unfortunately quite un-Homeric, the periphrasis "feathered fates," especially so. Again, when Homer makes Achilles declare in his rage that the Greeks shall call in vain upon him for aid "when multitudes fall dying before manslaying Hector," Pope must be more grandiose, and so he expands melodramatically:

"When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead."

And—to give one more from the examples with which

the first book abounds—Homer describes the withdrawal of Achilles in bitterness of heart to seek counsel of Thetis, his mother, in the following simple but telling manner:

"Then Achilles wept anon, and sat him down apart, aloof from his comrades, on the beach of the gray sea, gazing across the boundless main; he stretched forth his hands and prayed instantly to his dear mother."¹

Pope renders the passage thus:

"Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from which his mother sprung;
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main."

Here the fourth line is an interpolation; the first also is virtually an addition. The third line, with its "wild margin of the deep," for the simple and effective "beach of the gray sea,"—not to speak of "he hung," for "he sat down,"—is objectionable; and so, too, is the overdrawn fifth line that does duty for Homer's plain statement: "Then Achilles wept;" while in the last line Homer's quiet effect, his picture of the hero stretching forth his hands in prayer, is spoiled.

These examples will serve to show what kind of blemishes we meet with in Pope; sins for the most part against the beautiful simplicity and directness of Homer. Here, once more, Pope's theory is better than his practice. He had pointed out in his preface that nothing had been more commonly mistaken by the translators of Homer than "the just pitch of his style," some of them having "swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity." But there is, he goes on to point

¹This and other prose renderings are taken from the unequalled version of Lang, Leaf, and Myers (Macmillan).

out, "a graceful and dignified simplicity as well as a bold and sordid one." Of this simplicity Homer has, he asserts, the secret; and if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps, he will teach us when to be plain, and when to be poetical and figurative. Pope, alas, does not follow his own counsel. His dread of dulness and his consciousness that his contemporaries will tolerate almost any shortcoming rather than that, leads him astray; and he cannot resist the temptation and the native tendency to trick out Homer in a few rhetorical flourishes and furbelows. It may be questioned whether Pope came near to an appreciation of the easy, unstudied dignity, and the spontaneous, unbookish freshness of Homer's manner; but, in any case, he gives us a Homer who boasts some of the most approved graces of Pope's neo-classic, artificial age; a Homer who is, so to speak, bewigged and beruffled, and mounted on the high-heeled shoes of English fashion. His rough manners have been smoothed down to harmonize with the decorum of that punctilious age; his speech, with its somewhat annoying repetitions and recurrent epithets, has been made more sententious and epigrammatic, to suit the wits of the coffee-house.

As to the form of Pope's verse, it has already been pointed out that one form, the ten-syllabled couplet, was made to do duty in all of Pope's important works, regardless of differences in subject-matter and design. It was the favorite and characteristic verse-form of the age, and was the mould into which everything was forced. Its adoption by Pope for his translation of Homer was a clear sign of his inability to catch the deeper art-spirit of Homer's work. The resort to rhyme not only imposes severe limitations upon the poet, but, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out, leads to a false pairing of lines which are distinct, and by intensifying antithesis, intensifies separation. Moreover, the jiggling see-saw of the rhyme continually jars upon us. This perpetual, monotonous clicking of the couplet, how unlike the long sweep, the flowing

cadence of the Homeric hexameter! The flash and glitter of the rhyme, the obtrusive balance and antithesis of the phrases, the unceasing hurry of the lines, as of a person who takes short, rapid steps—how unlike the equable, unhalting, yet dignified movement, the swinging stride, of the Homeric verse!

And yet the translation, after every deduction has been made, is a monument of genius that fully holds its own with other versions that bring us nearer to Homer. The Homer presented by Pope may be an anachronism, but, at any rate, he is an energetic and spirited Homer; a Homer that is very entertaining; a Homer that tells his story clearly and rapidly, in spite of the little embroideries wherewith it is adorned. Pope, as we have seen, had a keen appreciation of the fire of Homer's style; and his greatest success is in the translation of those passages which are most animated and colored by strong emotion. He is successful, for example, in his own (not Homer's) way in the spirited speeches and in his reproduction of the stir and movement of the battlefield and the combat; and it is perhaps because Homer's narrative is highly seasoned by him here and there, in a way that hits the average taste, that his version has proved so attractive to the general reader.

Finally, by way of giving some idea of the differences in style between Pope's version and others before referred to, let us compare a passage or two from some of them,—say from Pope's predecessor Chapman, and from his successor Bryant. No book makes heavier demands upon the skill of the translator than the twenty-fourth, supreme in its beauty of pathos and tenderness; so our selection shall be made from that. We may take the passage that presents the picture of Hector, beautiful in death. The old King Priam, noble in his grief, has asked Hermes to tell him how the body of his dead son fares, and the god answers, as Chapman interprets:

" . . . But, though now twelve days have spent their heat
On his cold body, neither worms with any taint have eat,

Nor putrefaction perished it; yet ever, when the morn
Lifts her divine light from the sea, unmercifully borne
About Patroclus' sepulchre, it bears his friend's disdain,
Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further outrage reign
In his distemper. You would muse to see how deep a dew
Even steeps the body, all the blood washed off, no splend' rest show
Of gore or quittance, but his wounds all closed, though many were
Opened about him. Such a love the blest immortals bear,
Even dead, to thy dear son, because his life showed love to them."

How involved this is, and how far removed by its Elizabethan frills of fancifulness from the plainness of the original, may be appreciated if we take next Bryant's literal version:

"Twelve mornings have beheld him lying there,
Nor hath corruption touched him, nor the worms
That make the slain their feast begun to feed.
'Tis true that, when the holy morning dawns,
Achilles drags him fiercely round the tomb
Of his dear friend; yet that disfigures not
The dead. Shouldst thou approach him, thou would'st see
With marvelling eyes how fresh and dewy still
The body lies, the blood all cleansed away,
Unsoiled in every part, and all the wounds
Closed up wherever made; for many a spear
Was thrust into his sides. Thus tenderly
The blessed gods regard thy son, though dead,
For dearly was he loved by them in life."

The blank verse gives Bryant an advantage over Pope; and yet, as we shall see, Pope's will stand well a comparison with the more modern version. Bryant's failing is a tendency to drop to the commonplace, and to become tame and spiritless. Pope, on the other hand, tends to infuse an artificial vitality into his lines. Like Chapman, whom he censures for it, he is very free in his rendering; but this time he has caught the spirit of his original better than is his wont:

"This the twelfth evening since he rested there
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.

Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead ;
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
 Majestical in death ! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd his ev'ry wound ;
 Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Other instructive comparisons might be made; but this single one must suffice to show wherein Pope's real strength lies; in clearness of construction, in vigor and speed of movement, in the stimulating briskness of his general manner. Attention will be drawn in the notes to some of the peculiarities of Pope's style, and to many of the more important departures from the sense and manner of the original.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

THE teacher has primarily before him the responsible and difficult task of introducing to his students one of the great books of the world, one of the bibles of the race; and of so introducing it that it may yield lasting pleasure and profit, and infuse into life something of that "freshness of the early world" which keeps the old young. He must therefore, first of all, help his students to enjoy Homer's story and to wander with delight in the Homeric world. Then let him see to it that out of this enjoyment there grows a keen, broadening interest in the varied aspects of Homeric life and legend, in the characters and fortunes of the personages that are brought to view, and in all the circumstances of their lives in peace and in war. This is to assume that Homer and his works will form the centre of interest, and that the student will be led out from this centre to concern himself with Homer's interpreter, Pope.

As first impressions count for so much, it will be well to make the initial presentation of the "Iliad" bold and strong. With an average class of high-school boys and girls, who have not read Homer before, the best course will be to plunge at once into the tale of Troy; to give it complete in broad outline; and, in doing so, to introduce a few of the more moving passages from Pope, to be read effectively, or, better still, recited, by the teacher. Considerable importance should be attached to a good vocal rendering of Homer; indeed the art of the old rhapsodists might, within certain limits, be revived.

After this general introduction, this setting up of what the Herbartians would call helpful apperceptive centres of an interest that should be as many-sided as possible, the

reading of the text may be begun, the teacher leading off, and taking his turn from time to time with the students. This first reading should be rapid—as rapid, that is, as is consistent with an intelligent following of the narrative. How much the quick advance should be retarded by explanation and research, it must be left to the tact of the teacher to determine. The effect of the whole must not be marred by too much attention to details; the object being at this stage to help the student to gain a sympathetic, imaginative comprehension of the Homeric world and the Homeric spirit. The memorizing of selected passages may be begun; and to give dramatic effect to the speeches (in Book i. especially), they may be assigned to different students, as are the parts of a play.

The student will be assisted in appreciating the spirit of Homer by being referred to manifestations of that spirit in modern literature with which he is familiar, especially in the works of "the most Homeric of modern men," Sir Walter Scott. Some of the old ballads of heroic temper, and even the romances of Kingsley or Dumas, may be used for fruitful comparative work. In this connection the teacher may be helped by Jebb's remarks on the relation of Homeric poetry to ballad poetry and to the poetry of Scott ("Introduction to Homer," pp. 12-23); and by sundry suggestive allusions in Mr. Andrew Lang's essays on Scott's poems, Dumas, and the study of Homer, in his "Essays in Little."

After the first stimulating reading of the text, the student ought to be ready to pursue with eager pleasure his investigation of details. The work of research will, of course, be divided among the members of the class; and the written reports which they bring in—all of which are to be read for the instruction of the whole class—should be supplemented by pictures, plans, diagrams, maps, etc., to illustrate the subject-matter, so that the student's contact with the ancient world may be as close and real as the aid of art can make it. Good classical dictionaries and

atlases, like Schreiber's, Seyfert's, and Smith's, should be drawn upon for illustrative materials, and so should volumes such as Schuchhardt's "Schliemann's Excavations," translated by Miss Sellers (this and Schreiber and Seyfert are published by Macmillan), and Flaxman's chaste illustrations of Homer (published separately in good form by Macmillan also). Where the course of study can be so arranged, there should be a close correlation of the school-work in literature with that in history and drawing. If the more important parts of the work of illustrating words and passages from the text by drawings of armor, weapons, utensils, garments, buildings, etc., can be done under the drawing-teacher's supervision, so much the better. It will mean more to the student.

The study of Homeric myth and legend may proceed along the lines suggested in Gayley's admirable "Classic Myths in English Literature" (Ginn). By this method the student is brought to realize the extent to which Hellenic fable lives in English poetry. The teacher will find Miss Jane Harrison's "Myths of the Odyssey" suggestive reading.

In his endeavors to reconstruct the Homeric world, the student should be impressed with the fact that he is dealing at first hand with many of those data by means of which the great historians of antiquity have elaborated their accounts of these bygone times. Let him, in however modest a way, be an original investigator, and know for himself what the writing of reliable history means. He may be required to collate the scattered references to the polity, social life, domestic life, amusements, arts, religion, warfare, etc., of the Homeric Greeks; and on the basis of these write careful accounts of one or more of them. This work may be made to culminate in the illustrated term-essay, dealing with such topics as the Handicrafts, the Hospitality, the Religious Observances of the Homeric Greeks, the Position of Women among them, their Family Life, and so forth. For supplementary reading, to aid in

such work, the student may be referred to Gladstone's "Homer Primer" (American Book Co.), Jebb's "Introduction to Homer" (Ginn), and his "Primer of Greek Literature" (American Book Co.); Leaf's "Companion to the Iliad" (Macmillan), Warr's "The Greek Epic" (Young), Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece" (Macmillan), Lang's "Homer and the Epic" (Longmans), Grote's, Oman's, or other good histories; Gardner's "New Chapters of Greek History" (Putnam); together with those authoritative treatises on Greek art and archæology that cover the Homeric period.

Tasks of another character may be assigned in connection with the student's work in composition and rhetoric. He may be asked to give condensed prose versions of certain episodes and speeches, changing direct to indirect narration, historic present to past tense, etc. Church's "Story of the Iliad" may be used as a corrective model. Much may be done in the way of character-study, the heroes and heroines of Homer being compared with other comparable personages of fiction. As exercises in versification, renderings of selected Greek myths and legends in imitation of Pope's manner may be asked for; and, as a preparation for this (if necessary), renderings in blank verse. Finally the study of Pope's language and style should be taken up. Here we pass from the study of Homer to the study of Pope, and the transition is easy and natural.

Pope, and his share in the product, must inevitably be brought to mind again and again in the course of the study of the text. This or that effect—figure, inversion, ellipsis, alliteration, onomatopœia, climax, anticlimax—is it Pope's own, or Homer's reproduced? Such questions will lead on to more general ones: How much of himself is Pope importing into his version? What features are peculiarities of Pope's general style and the style of his age? By these must the student be recalled, time and time again, from the ancient poet and his world to the modern

poet and his. It has already been suggested that the best way to bring into relief the special features of Pope's work is to compare it with other versions. This may be done, not only for the sake of discovering which version best preserves the spirit and substance of the original, but with a view to studying the linguistic and rhetorical characteristics of each. To study in this comparative way the versions of Chapman, Pope, and Bryant, is to study the language and the poetic style of three distinct literary epochs, and to become aware of striking differences in the diction, the syntax, the sentence-structure of these epochs. Some of the distinctive features of Pope's diction must in any case be understood, whether by means of this comparative method or otherwise. Many of them are dealt with in the notes.

Lastly, the student is brought to a study of the circumstances under which Pope produced the work, and of the relation that it has to his other work, as to form and spirit. Does it represent him at his best? What did his contemporaries think of it? What have the critics had to say about it? And so questions might be multiplied, one leading to another, and involving the study, at one time of Pope's life and works, at another of his age and the reflection of it in his writings. The literature available for these purposes is abundant; among others the following works may be recommended: Leslie Stephen's *Life of Pope*, in the *English Men of Letters Series* (Macmillan, Harper), the best short life of Pope, unless it be Johnson's, one of the finest of his "*Lives of the Poets*"; the *Globe Edition* (Macmillan) of Pope's works, with its prefatory memoir by the editor, Professor A. W. Ward; Part iii. of Pancoast's "*Introduction to English Literature*" (Holt); Gosse's "*History of Eighteenth Century Literature*" (Macmillan); Mark Pattison's *Introduction to the Selections from Pope* in Ward's "*British Poets*" (Macmillan), and his editions of the "*Essay on Man*" and "*Satires*" and "*Epistles*" in the Clarendon Press

Series; Hales's edition of the "Rape of the Lock," in "Longer English Poems"; and the essays by De Quincey and Lowell. The history of the period may be studied at length in Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i., chap. iv., or more briefly in Green's "Short History of the English People" (the illustrated edition is best); while Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and his chapters on the first two Georges in "The Four Georges," present the social life of the period in a graphic and interesting manner.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

POPE'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.	CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	EUROPEAN LITERATURE.
1688. May 21, born in Lombard St., London.	1688. Trial of the Seven Bishops; the Revolution.	1688. Bunyan died.	1688. Dryden, Britannia Rediviva.	1688. Bossuet, Variations des Églises Protestantes.
	1689. William and Mary crowned; Declaration of Rights; King William Fugate; Massacre of Glencoe; Governor Andros deposed in Massachusetts; Siege of Limerick.	1689. Mrs. Aphra Behn died; Dryden loses the Laureateship, with which he had been associated; Richardson born.	1689. Locke, Treatise of Civil Government.	1689. Racine, Esther.
	1690. Battle of the Boyne; Siege of Limerick; Schenectady burned by the Indians and the French.	1690. John Eliot died.	1690. Dryden, Amphitryon and Don Sebastian; Locke, Essay Concerning Human Understanding.	
	1691. Battle of Aughrim.	1691. Baxter died.		1691. Racine, Athalie.
	1692. Massacre of Glencoe; Battle of Steinkirk; Salem witchcraft.	1692. Shadwell died; Tact; Poet Laureate; Joseph Butler born.	1692. Dryden, Eleonora, Sir W. Temple, Essays.	
	1693. English national debt originated; Founding of College of William and Mary.		1693. Dryden, Translation of Juvenal and Persius; Locke, "Some Thoughts Concerning Education."	
	1694. Bank of England established.	1694. Voltaire born.	1694. Addison, Account of the Greatest English Poets.	1694. The Dictionary of the French Academy.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.—Continued.

POPE'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.	CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	EUROPEAN LITERATURE.
1700. Pope leaves school and resides with his parents at Binfield.		1695. La Fontaine died.	1695. Locke, <i>Reasonableness of Christianity</i> , ed. by Charles Boyle, Esq., Philaris. 1697. Bentley, Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, Congreve, Mourning Bride. Dryden, Alexander's Feast, Translation of Virgil. 1698. Collier, The Immortality of the English Stage. 1699. Addison, Latin Poems in Muse Anglica. Garth, The Dispensary, Fables. 1700. Dryden, Fables. 1701. Addison, Letter to Lord Halifax. Sir R. Steele, Christian Hero. Swift, Conjectures between the Scholars and Commoners in Athens and Rome.	1697. Bayle, Dictionnaire.
	1697. Peace of Ryswick; End of King William's War in America; Peter the Great visits England. 1698. Founding of the Pennsylvania Charter School of Philadelphia. 1700. Founding of Yale College. 1701. Bonneties given by England on importation of raw materials from the colonies. Act of settlement.	1698. Warburton born. Sir W. Temple died. Metastasio born. 1699. Racine died. 1700. Dryden died. Thomson born. 1701. Bonneties given by England on importation of raw materials from the colonies. Act of settlement.		

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1702. Queen Anne reigns. <i>The Daily Courant</i> , the first daily paper published. Queen Anne's War begun in America.	1702. Defoe, <i>Shortest Way with the Dissenters</i> . Sir R. Steele, The Funeral or Grief à la Mode.	1702. Pepys died. J. Wesley born. Jonathan Edwards born.	1702. Defoe, <i>Shortest Way with the Dissenters</i> . Sir R. Steele, The Funeral or Grief à la Mode.	
1704. Battle of Blenheim. <i>The Boston News Letter</i> , first newspaper published in America, issued.	1704. Locke, L'Estrange, and Bossuet died.	1704. Locke, L'Estrange, and Bossuet died.	1704. Addison, The Campaign. Hubbard, Careless Husband. Clarendon's History of the Rebellion published. Sir I. Newton, Opticks. Swift, Battle of the Books, and Tale of a Tub.	1704. Galland, Mille et une Nuits.
1706. Battle of Ramillies.	1706. Hartley born. 1706. Benjamin Franklin born.	1706. Hartley born. 1706. Benjamin Franklin born.	1706. Locke (died 1704), Conduct of the Understanding. 1707. Faubert, <i>Beaux' Strategem</i> .	
1707. Union of England and Scotland.	1707. Farquhar died. Fielding born.	1707. Farquhar died. Fielding born.	1708. Swift, Predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff; Account of Partridge's Death. Berkeley, New Theory of Vision, <i>1702-1703</i> . Steele and Addison, Swift, Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff.	
1708. Battle of Oudenarde.				
1709. Pastorals. January and May. Translation of part of Books xlii. and xvi. of the Iliad.	1709. Battle of Malplaquet. Charles XII. defeated at Pultova.	1709. Samuel Johnson born.	1709. Berkeley, Principles of Human Knowledge.	1710. Leibnitz, Théodicée.
1710. Trial of Sacheverell. First post-office in America. Port Royal, N. S., captured by the English.				

THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R .

Translated by Mr. *Pope*.

*Te sequor, O Grae gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter Amorem,
Quod Te imitari aeo.*

—LUCRET.

LONDON:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOTT, between
the *Temple-Gates*, 1715.

HOMER is a poet for all ages, all races, and all moods. To the Greeks the epics were not only the best of romances, the richest of poetry; not only their oldest documents about their own history,—they were also their Bible, their treasury of religious traditions and moral teaching. With the Bible and Shakespeare, the Homeric poems are the best training for life. There is no good quality that they lack: manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth; justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude towards life and death, are all conspicuous in Homer. He has to write of battles; and he delights in the joy of battle, and in all the movement of war. Yet he delights not less, but more, in peace: in prosperous cities, hearths secure, in the tender beauty of children, in the love of wedded wives, in the frank nobility of maidens, in the beauty of earth and sky and sea and seaward murmuring river, in sun and snow, frost and mist and rain.—ANDREW LANG.

THE ILIAD*

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing!

* Poem about Ilion, or Troy. Cf. Pope's title, *The Dunciad*.

1-10. The epic opens with a brief prologue, in which the bard announces his theme, the disastrous wrath of Achilles as affecting

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
 The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain :
 Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore :
 Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
 Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove !
 Declare, O Muse ! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power ? 10
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead ;

the war against Troy; and invokes with religious solemnity the aid of the goddess, *i. e.*, the Epic Muse. The office of bard or minstrel was a sacred one. He was no mere artist, but was supposed to be inspired by the gods, especially the Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (Memory), who sang to the gods (see *i.*, 774, 775), and presided over all kinds of poetry.

This form of invocation was followed by later epic poets. Cf. Virgil's *Aeneid*. Even Milton in his Christian epic invokes, pagan-like, "the heavenly Muse;" and the old mythological phrasing persists in the poetry of to-day.

3. *Pluto*. In Greek, Hades, the god of the under world; but the name was, later on, applied to the place, instead of to its ruler.

3. *Reign*, realm, kingdom, from Lat. *regnum*.

6. *Vultures*. Pope wishes to be more accurate than Homer, who says, in a free, poetical way, "all winged fowls."

7. *Atrides*, son of Atreus, meaning Agamemnon, although the word would apply also to his brother Menelaus. The terminal "ides" is akin to the terminal in the English *John-son*, or to the Scottish *Mac* or Irish *O'*. These patronymics are often used; thus Pelides, son of Peleus, or Achilles; Tydides, son of Tydeus, or Diomedes.

7. Homer does, in fact, apply here to Atrides the distinguishing epithet "king of men," used again in lines 13, 78, etc.; but Pope very often drops these characteristically Homeric epithets as tiresome. He tries to justify these omissions in his Preface.

8. What is the normal metre of the poem? What about this line?

11. *Latona's son*, Apollo.

12. A good example of Pope's mistaken efforts to heighten the effect by melodramatic exaggeration. "Mountains of the dead" (see also l. 320) may be classed with innumerable poetic conventions

The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
 And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands ;
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands :
 By these he begs ; and, lowly bending down,
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. 20
 He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :

"Ye kings and warriors ! may your vows be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground ;
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again ;

which ornament the poetry of Pope's time. Homer says, "the people began to perish."

15. Is this paragraphing good?

16. We are reminded of the French phrase *cherchez la femme* when we reflect upon the fatal parts which beautiful women play in the legend of Troy. Lovely Helen had caused the war; Chryseis causes the breach between Achilles and Agamemnon.

17. How should this line be accented?

18. *Awful ensigns grace*. Seemingly inconsistent: but *awful* means awe-inspiring; and *ensigns*, not flags, but insignia, badges of office.

20. As to "the sceptre and the laurel crown," Pope is wrong. Chryses bore, says Homer, "the fillet of Apollo, the Far-darter, upon a golden staff." This fillet, or chaplet, was a band or strip of wool which the priest wore round his head as a sign of his office. He now carries it wrapped around his staff, to signify that he is a suppliant.

21. *Chief*. What is the syntax? Can you give other instances?

22. *Brother-kings*. See note on line 7: *Atrides*.

23-30. Pope is very free in his rendering of this speech; *e. g.*, by "warriors" he loosely translates the words which mean "well-greaved Achæans," one of Homer's familiar epithets. As to this and other names for the Greeks, see Introduction, p. xxiii. As to the grave, see Introduction, p. xxvi.

If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove." 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
Not so Atrides : he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied :

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains ;
Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain ; 40
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace ;
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then ! to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main : 50
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays :

30. What is the syntax of *dread* ?

31. *Assent*, consent, willingness.

32. A very Popean line as to both form and diction. *The fair* was another poetic convention of the period.

45. *Argos* was the name of the chief city of the Peloponnesus, but designates the whole country. The Greeks are often called Argives. Cf. Achæans, and note on 23-30.

50. What force has the emphasis upon *silent* ? *Sounding main* does not reproduce Homer's onomatopoeic effect. "Loud-sounding sea" is the prose version. Why should the word "main" be applied to the sea ?

52. Homer's epithet for Apollo is "the Far-darter." He has already applied it three times, but Pope has omitted it ; and he makes amends here, where it is not used in the Greek.

"O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores :
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy." 60

Thus Chryses pray'd : the fav'ring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;
Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began ;
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.

53. *Smintheus*. This title of Apollo comes from a word meaning field-mouse. The commentators are not agreed as to its significance.

54-56. *Cilla* was a small city in the southern part of the Troad. *Chrysa* is near by, and *Tenedos* is a neighboring island.

60. To the shafts of Apollo (and his sister Diana also) the Greeks ascribed pestilence and plague, and sudden, unaccountable deaths. Although Apollo is not associated with the sun in Homer, this part of destroyer suggests the evil effects of the sun's fierce rays in drought, sunstroke, etc. Cf. vi., 250 ; xxiv., 761, 762.

62. Of *Olympus* as the home of the gods, we have the Homeric conception given in the *Odyssey*, vi., 53-60 (Bryant).

63. *Wound*. Pope probably pronounced "wownd."

64. Note the onomatopoeic and alliterative effects in this and following lines. To what extent does Pope resort to such figures in Book i. ?

65, 66. A faulty enlargement upon Homer's "and he descended like to night ;" it misses the suggestion of his stealthy, fateful descent.

72. *Pyres*, funeral pyres. The Greeks cremated their dead. Why ? Contrast the practice of the Egyptians.

But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son ✓
 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
 Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before? 80
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some prophet or some sacred sage
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke and hecatombs be paid.
 So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more." 90

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied,
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,

74. *Juno* (Greek, *Hera*). Jupiter's wife; she sided with the Greeks. Paris had caused her enmity and Minerva's by bestowing the golden apple upon Venus, as the fairest goddess of the three. See xxiv., 38-41. *Thetis's god-like son*, Achilles. The phrase, not given in Homer, helps out Pope's rhyme.

75. *Council*, assembly (*Agora*) of the free men, for discussion; it gave opportunities for oratorical display, which the Greeks enjoyed.

82. *War*. Note the faulty rhyme; merely an assonance. This is not the first poor rhyme. Are there many in this book?

84. *Explore*, in the Latin sense of search out, inquire into.

85. *Wasteful*, wasting; causing waste.

88. *Hecatomb*, literally, the sacrifice of a hundred oxen; but applied to sacrifices generally.

89. Construction? *Atoned*, reconciled; propitiated. "Atone" is made up of *at-one* = set at one. Pope keeps to the original meaning. Contrast current usage.

92. Homer is more definite and explanatory. Calchas is "most excellent far of augurs, who knew both things that were, and that

That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew:
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word 100
 Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword.
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths invidious to the great reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
 For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides: "From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare:
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek, of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest. 120
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,

should be, and had been before, and guided the ships of the Achæans to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phœbus Apollo bestowed on him."

108. *Control*, restraint; reserve.

✓ 116. Note how at the outset the figure of Achilles overtops that of Agamemnon, and becomes of pivotal importance. His first speeches reveal chiefly his proud, self-confident, fiery character.

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke ; when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started from his shining throne ;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire. 130
" Augur accurs'd ! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill !
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord ?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold ? 140
A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace :
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail ;
Our cares are only for the public weal :

124. *Black-eyed*. Should be "bright-eyed."

129. *Choler*, literally, bile (*cf.* cholera, melancholy, etc.) In anger the veins swell, as if with black blood.

✓ 131. Pope, although very free, is very spirited in these lines, and, indeed, in most of the speeches. He sacrifices accuracy for animation.

141. Here, again, we have Pope's rhetorical tinsel. Note the abundant alliterations, especially in 141 and 144.

143. *Clytæmnestra*, his wife, Helen's sister, whom he had left behind, at Mycenæ during his absence. She was faithless to him, and, with the aid of her paramour, murdered him on his return. The murder was avenged by her son Orestes, who slew his mother. These, and other dark deeds of the royal houses concerned in the Trojan War, form the subject of some of the great Greek dramas of a later age.

Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair ;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."

" Insatiate king ! " (Achilles thus replies)
" Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize !
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field ?
The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain : 160
But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."

Then thus the king : " Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine ?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170

154. We must beware of over-emphasizing, as Achilles does in his next speech, the seeming selfishness and avarice of Agamemnon. " It is," says Leaf, " in the public gifts, which are the signs of pre-eminence, that the 'point of honor' lies ; to lose such a meed of honor is a disgrace as well as a material loss. So Achilles himself requires (xxiv., 175) that if he is to give up the body of Hector, he shall receive the ransom ; by doing so he does not diminish the grace of his act, but only saves himself from the reproach of weakness. It is important that this should be kept in view throughout the *Iliad*."

155. Pope takes great liberties with the original in this speech.

160. Quite un-Homeric in its curt sententiousness. The next two lines are interpolations.

161. *Resume*. In its Latin sense, take again or back.

At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
 First let the just equivalent be paid ;
 Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
 Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
 But this when time requires—it now remains
 We launch a bark to plough the wat'ry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots and with lab'ring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
 And some deputed prince the charge attend ;
 This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfil,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ; 190
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied :
 " O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush or shall lift the sword ?

175. The two *or's* were commonly used for *either . . . or*. See also vi., 557 ; xxii., 311, 312.

177. *Ajax*, the bravest warrior after Achilles, whose cousin he was. He was of great size and strength, and became the "bulwark of the Achæans" after Achilles' retirement.

187. *Creta's king*, Idomeneus, one of the bravest and oldest of the Greek leaders.

194. Pope is again very animated in this outbreak of invective. He and his contemporaries were well schooled in this manner.

What cause have I to war at thy decree ?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me : 200
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led ;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
 And walls of rocks secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
 Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong :
 What else to Troy th' assembl'd nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve ?
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ;
 A prize as small, O tyrant ! matched with thine,
 As thy own actions if compared to mine !
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more ;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain ?"
 To this the king : " Fly, mighty warrior, fly !
 Thy aid we need not and thy threats defy.

201. *Phthia*. Chief city of Thessaly, where lived Peleus, Achilles, and the Myrmidons whom Achilles ruled and led against Troy.

202. The horse is especially associated with Thessaly, and its wild scenery of woodlands and hills.

203. Achilles' thoughts revert, with a touch of longing, to his native glens.

210. What is the syntax of *ungrateful*?

217, 218. The un-Homeric antithesis again. Many more may be found.

There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear : 230
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength be-
 stow'd,

For know, vain man ! thy valour is from God.
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway :
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-liv'd friendship and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land ;
 But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :
 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r ;
 And hence to all our host it shall be known
 That kings are subject to the gods alone." 250

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd ;
 His heart swell'd high and labour'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd :

228, 229. These lines, taken in connection with 250, 368, 369, bring out the Homeric idea of the divine calling and power of kings, as being the delegates of the divine king, Jove. The kings were generally regarded as descended from a god or demi-god, and ruled by both hereditary and divine right. This helps to explain the lofty attitude of Agamemnon.

239. *Threat*. The prose has, "lord it among thy Myrmidons."

246. Homer speaks of Briseis "of the fair cheeks."

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade, 260
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care) ;
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd ; to him alone confess'd,
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes :
 " Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."
 " Forbear ! " (the progeny of Jove replies)
 " To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n ;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280

255, 257. What is the force of the demonstratives *that* and *this* ?

261. *Minerva* (Greek, *Athene*). The most interesting of the goddesses, and the most spiritualized. "She is a true impersonation of the *logos* or reason" (Gladstone, see *Primer*, 68-72). Here she appeals to the rational side of Achilles' nature against the passionate. She is devoted to the Greeks, and is the personal protectress of Achilles in the *Iliad*, as she is of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*.

265. *Confessed*, revealed, acknowledged herself. The word is used in different senses. Cf. i., 528; vi., 236; xxii., 14.

266. The *sable cloud* is Pope's handiwork.

278. *Juno*, like her lord Jupiter, is not fiercely partisan. She works quietly for the Greeks.

For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless." 290
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,

281, 284. Pope makes the goddess too communicative. She simply promises "goodly gifts in threefold measure."

294. Why is the *sacred senate* objectionable? Cf. *shining synod* in 690.

298. Pope does well enough here with Homer's plain speaking, although he so often tries to make Homer's coarseness respectable. It is well-known how, when Ajax is called an ass, Pope takes refuge in the labored periphrasis: "The slow beast with heavy strength endued."

299. The *ambush'd fight* was the test of the warrior. The bravest were selected for it.

300. *Horrid*, in the Latin sense of dreadful; occasionally used in other senses. Cf. vi., 336.

Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
'This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Fore'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, 330
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd:

309. *Sacred sceptre*, one passed by the heralds to the recognized speaker in the Assembly, as a sign that he "held the floor." He returned it when his speech was done.

313. *Temper'd steel, axe*.

314, 315. Literally, "those who by Zeus' command watch over the traditions." Not "laws," for there were none; Homer has no such word. The king is delegated by Zeus to uphold the "dooms" or judgments, sacred customs, or judicial precedents on which the rights of his people rested. See Introduction, p. xxv., "Themis."

331. *Nestor*, "clear-voiced orator of the Pylians." Pylos was in the Peloponnesus.

Two generations now had pass'd away,
 Wise by his rules and happy by his sway;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.
 All view'd with awe the venerable man,
 Who thus with mild benevolence began:
 "What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch and the friends of Troy! 340
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
 Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight? 350
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led,
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.

347-357. *Pirithous*, ruler of the *Lapithæ*, a mythical people of Thessaly. The passage relates to the legendary conflict of the *Lapithæ* and the *Centaurs*, who claimed a right in the kingdom of *Pirithous*, their half-brother. The *Centaurs* of Homer are simply a wild, savage people, not the symbolical, semi-equine creatures of later fable. *Dryas*, *Ceneus*, and *Polyphemus* were *Lapithæ*. *Theseus*, the legendary hero of Athens, was the friend of *Pirithous*, and helped him against the *Centaurs* (Gayley, 267). *Polyphemus* should not be confused with the famous Cyclops.

Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.
 Thee the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength and of a goddess born;
 Him awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth and sceptred sons of Jove. 370
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece and bulwark of our host."
 This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies:
 "Thy years are awful and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control:
 Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?"
 Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
 "Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.

371. *Joined*. Pronounced in Pope's time "jined," a pronunciation that still is heard here and there. Cf. vi., 329.

The gods command me to forgive the past ;
 But let this first invasion be the last :
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."
 At this they ceas'd ; the stern debate expir'd : 400
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores :
 High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd :
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road. ✓

The host to expiate next the king prepares, 410
 With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleaus'd ; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
 Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
 The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
 Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420
 Talthylus and Eurybates the good.
 "Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries);
 "Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize :

403. The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus is one of the splendid friendships of literature. Do you know of any others to be compared with it? Cf. note on xxiv., 740.

407. Explain *conduct grac'd*.

410. How accent?

410-413. Pope embroiders again. The sea was regarded by the Greeks as a great ceremonial purifier. Probably the voyagers had during the pestilence abstained from ablution, and had cast dust on their heads in sign of mourning (Leaf).

Submit he must ; or, if they will not part,
 Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart."

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands ;
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands :
 Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
 At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
 Loth to advance or speak their hard command ;
 Decent confusion ! This the godlike man
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began :

"With leave and honour enter our abodes,
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods !
 I know your message ; by constraint you came ;
 Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring ;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
 Witness to gods above and men below !
 But first and loudest to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear ;
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
 Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein :
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
 Blind to himself and useless to his host,
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."

427. How many Homeric touches we miss in Pope ! The prose version reads, "Unwillingly they went along the beach of the unvintaged sea." Homer has other suggestive epithets for the sea.

430. *Awful*. That is, indicative of awe. The suffix "-ful" is continually used in this primitive way by Pope.

432. *Decent*, becoming, comely ; as in Milton's "Over thy decent shoulders drawn," *Il Penseroso*, 36 ; or Goldsmith's "The decent church that topt the neighboring hill," *Deserted Village*, 12.

434. Note the change of tone here. What significance has it ?

435. The heralds in Homer's time, as later, were greatly respected, and their persons held inviolable.

445. Forcibly put, but it is not Homer.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought ; 450
 She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
 Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
 And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
 Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung ;
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main :
 " O parent goddess ! since in early bloom 460
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom ;
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
 Honour and fame at least the Thund'r'er owed,
 And ill he pays the promise of a god,

453. *And oft look'd back*, etc. A picturesque amplification of Homer's, "And with them went the woman all unwilling." Pope is said to have derived this from a French version.

454-459. As to this passage, see Introduction, p. xlv.

460. There is a charming, child-like simplicity about the speeches between Achilles and his mother.

461. *Cf.* i., 543-545. The *doom* is stated in Book ix. :

" My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd ;
 Here if I stay before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown :
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years and long-extended days."

It is this impending doom hanging over Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, that supplies the note of tragedy and pathos in the epics, and leads Mr. Lang to say that Homer's theory of life might be called melancholy. Homer's heroes do not flinch before the last awards of Fate, the calamities and bitterness of life ; they are fortified against all vicissitude." "His Achilles is the type of triumphant youth ; but of youth with sheer doom before its eyes. . . . His eyes are open from the first, and his choice is made." This feeling of the tragic and pathetic fatefulness of life is concentrated in the last Book.

If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
 Far in the deep recesses of the main,
 Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide ; 470
 And like a mist she rose above the tide ;
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores :
 " Why grieves my son ? Thy anguish let me share ;
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
 He, deeply sighing, said : " To tell my woe,
 Is but to mention what too well you know.
 From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name
 (Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils ;
 But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize ! was led
 By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ;
 The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all ; but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.
 The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490
 The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides : he, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied :
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r.

469. *Ocean*, Nereus (Gayley, 85).

478. *Thebe* is in the Troad. *Eëtion*, Andromache's father, killed by Achilles. See vi., 525.

484. Here some of the early lines are reproduced, although Pope varies his version of them somewhat. The whole passage is an unnecessary repetition, but such repetitions are common in Homer.

494. In what sense is *peculiar* used ?

A dreadful plague ensues : th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :
 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline 500
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine ;
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.
 The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent ;
 But now he seiz'd Briseis' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train ;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host,
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n,
 Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name) ;
 Through wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along,
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong :

508. Be sure that you understand this line.

515. "The strange legend," says Leaf, "of the binding of Zeus is not known from other sources, nor is it again mentioned in Homer, though there are numerous allusions to battles and quarrels among the gods, and to the previous dynasty of the Titans, who are now banished to Tartaros."

519. Minerva and Neptune are referred to.

525. Neptune.

With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
 Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall ;
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."
 "Unhappy son !" (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
 "Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
 To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes ?
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view !
 So short a space ! and fill'd with sorrow too !
 Oh might a parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
 Which now, alas ! too nearly threats my son :
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.

527. "Nor do we find elsewhere in Homer any such monstrous conception as that of a being with a hundred arms" (Leaf).

531. *Embrace his knees.* The sign of the suppliant, who also touched the chin. Leaf suggests an origin in the action of "the wounded warrior who with the left arm clasps the knee of his victor to hamper his movement, and with the right hand turns aside his face so that he cannot aim the fatal blow until he has heard the appeal for mercy."

551. Here the poet recalls the actual mountain of Thessaly.

The sire of gods and all th' ethereal train
 On the warm limits of the farthest main,
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race :
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves unclosed ;
 Then down the deep she plung'd, from whence she rose,
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd ;
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
 Chryseis last descending on the strand.

555. The great stream that forms the rim of the Earth. See map in Gayley, 313 ; Gladstone's *Primer*, 54-57.

557. The blameless Æthiopians, with whom the gods loved to feast, lived on the outskirts of the world (see map in Gayley).

565. This misrepresents Achilles, who has other and softer feelings than those of resentment. Homer says that he was "vexed in spirit, for the fair-girdled woman's sake, whom they had taken perforce despite his will."

566. The passage that follows has often been rejected as a late addition, because, among other things, about half the lines are found in other parts of the Homeric poems. But Mr. Lang regards the repetitions as so many epic formulae, such as occur in some of the old ballads; and Mr. Leaf says that they are "merely formal lines, such as the genius of epic poetry permits to be freely repeated in describing similar scenes." "In any case," he adds, "the interpolation of the episode is ingeniously effected in order to bridge over the pause in the story caused by Achilles' retirement to his hut." This is an important aesthetic consideration.

568. A plan of the Homeric ship is given in Autenrieth's *Homeric Dictionary*, plate iv. of Appendix. *Anchors*, stones for mooring.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said :

"Hail, rev'rend priest ! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come :
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair ;
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;
 And may thy god, who scatters darts around, 580
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
 Then near the altar of the darting king,
 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring :
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake ;
 While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r :

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
 Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine ;
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays !
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest ;

576. *Dome*, used in the Latin sense of house or building generally, or temple. See again vi., 310. Cf. Goldsmith, *Traveller*, 159.

581. *Aton'd*. See note on i., 89.

586, 587, 600-613. After washing the hands, the sacrificer took whole barley grains, roasted and mixed with salt, and sprinkled them between the horns of the victim, whose forelock was cut off and burned. After this preliminary ritual, the sacrificer, raising the animal's head (or, if the sacrifice was offered to the infernal gods, bending it down), slew it by cutting its throat, and flayed it. The thighs were then cut out, and covered with a double fold of fat, and over them slices of meat from other parts were laid. The fire was then set ablaze to burn the thighs, and libations of wine were poured upon them as the portion of the gods, who took delight in the savory fumes. Then the rest of the meat was sliced, roasted, and eaten by the sacrificers.

Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
 So Chryses pray'd : Apollo heard his pray'r ;
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare ;
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew :
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide ;
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide :
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
 The priest himself before his altar stands,
 And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire ;
 The youths with instruments surround the fire.
 The thighs thus sacrific'd and entrails dress'd, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest :
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast ;
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends :
 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong : 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.
 'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :
 Then launch, and hoise the mast ; indulgent gales,
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ;

608. *Black.* In its early meaning of *dark*.

615, 616. A little wine was first poured into the cup, and was emptied on the ground as the libation or offering to the gods. The cup was then *crowned*, filled to the brim, and the contents drunk by the sacrificers.

616-633. This passage offers a good opportunity for comparative work. The prose gives the simple beauty of the original ; Chapman is at his best, and Bryant too, perhaps.

The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below :
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their barks to land 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
 Then part, where, stretch'd along the winding bay,
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.
 But, raging still, amidst his navy sate
 The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ;
 Nor mix'd in combat nor in council join'd ;
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind ;
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
 Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light 640
 The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height :
 Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
 Leads the long order of ethereal pow'rs,
 When, like the morning mist, in early day,
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea ;
 And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,
 The Thund'rer sate ; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
 Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she plac'd 650
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
 "If e'er, O father of the gods !" she said,
 "My words could please thee or my actions aid :
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe.
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.

636. Much is lost here in Pope's sensational rendering. How much finer is the prose ! "He betook him neither to the assembly that is the hero's glory, neither to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and for battle."

646. *Address'd*, directed.

Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise !
 Let Greece be humbled and the Trojans rise ;
 Till the proud king and all th' Achaian race 660
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."
 Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
 The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request :
 " O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;
 Refuse or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?
 Or, oh ! declare, of all the pow'rs above,
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ? "
 She said, and sighing thus the god replies 670
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :
 " What hast thou ask'd ? Ah ! why should Jove engage
 In foreign contests and domestic rage,
 The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ?
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey ;
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped :
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,
 The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign ;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—"
 He spoke ; and awful bends his sable brows,
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god :

665. *Dear*, precious ; important.

671. This is Pope's expansion of Homer's epithet, " the cloud-gatherer."

676. On the strange admixture of qualities to be found in Homer's Jupiter, see Gladstone's *Primer*, 66.

683. The prose brings out better the simple grandeur of the description. This is the famous passage which is said to have given to Phidias the inspiration for his majestic gold and ivory statue of Zeus at Olympia.

High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
 And all Olympus to the centre shook.
 Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state
 Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
 Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
 All but the god's imperious queen alone :
 Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
 And all her passions kindled into flame.
 " Say, artful manager of heaven " (she cries),
 " Who now partakes the secrets of the skies ?
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700
 In vain the partner of imperial state.
 What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides ? "
 To this the Thund'rer : " Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind :
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee ;
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know :
 The first of gods above and men below ;
 But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll 710
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul."
 Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
 And thus return'd : " Austere Saturnius, say,
 From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway ?

698. How this jars ! " Thou crafty of mind " is the prose.

712. The prose runs : " Then Hera, the ox-eyed queen, made answer to him." The oft-repeated epithet " ox-eyed " indicates the Greek partiality for the full, round, liquid eye.

714. *Saturnius*. Son of Saturn, the ruler of heaven before Jupiter. He is wonderfully presented in his fallen divinity by Keats, in his *Hyperion*.

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
 And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
 But 'tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen
 In close consult the silver-footed queen.
 Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720
 Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
 What fatal favour has the goddess won,
 To grace her fierce inexorable son ?
 Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain."

Then thus the god : " Oh restless fate of pride,
 That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide !
 Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
 Anxious to thee and odious to thy lord.
 Let this suffice ; th' immutable decree 730
 No force can shake : what *is*, that *ought* to be.
 Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
 But dread the power of this avenging hand ;
 Th' united strength of all the gods above
 In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove."

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply ;
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.
 The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
 His mother menac'd and the gods in awe ;
 Peace at his heart and pleasure his design, 740
 Thus interpos'd the architect divine :

719. *Consult*, for consultation. Unusual.

724, 725. More of Pope's fustian.

731. The epigram is, of course, Pope's own.

735. This scene, says Mr. Leaf, "is typical of the spirit in which Homer treats the deities of Olympus. It is, to say the least, not reverent, and far removed from any conception of primitive piety. It is, indeed, one among many signs that the civilization of the heroic age was old and not young—a civilization which was outgrowing the simple faith of its ancestors." See Introduction, p. xiv.

741. He was supposed to have fashioned the celestial palaces (see i., 779).

" The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
 Are far unworthy, gods ! of your debate :
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ ;
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky :
 Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
 If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd ; 750
 The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd."

Thus Vulcan spoke ; and, rising with a bound,
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
 " Goddess " (he cried), " be patient and obey.
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.
 What god so daring in your aid to move,
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove ?
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height ;
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round ;
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground :
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;
 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
 Then to the rest he fill'd ; and, in his turn,
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
 In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.

753. *Double bowl*, having a cup at both ends.

753. *Nectar*, the drink of the gods ; their food was ambrosia (see l. 773).

760-765. Milton had these lines in mind in *Par. Lost*, i., 738.

771. Because the lame god, hobbled with such comic gracelessness.

Apollo tun'd the lyre ; the muses round
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
 Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :
 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head. 780
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

775. *Alternate*, each singing in turn, as the rhapsodists did when reciting epics.

Mr. Leaf closes his notes on this book with the following valuable comments :

"It is impossible to leave this splendid book without noticing the supreme art with which all the leading characters on both the stages of the coming story have been introduced to us; drawn in strong strokes, where not a touch is lost, and standing before us at once as finished types for all time. On earth we already know the contrast between the surly resentment of Agamemnon and the flaming but placable passion of Achilles, and we have had a glimpse of the mild wisdom of Nestor and the devoted friendship of Patroklos. In heaven the three chief actors, Zeus, Hera, and Athene, already present themselves as the strong but overweighted husband, the jealous and domineering wife, and the ideal of self-restraint and wise reflexion. The third book will do the same for the Trojan side, showing us in vivid outline Hector, Paris, and Priam, and their chief advocate in heaven, the goddess Aphrodite, with her victim, Helen, the centre of the tragedy."

BOOK II.

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was

embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore ; toward the end it removes to Troy.

BOOK III.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaüs and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris, being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK IV.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war : they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machaön. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general ; he reviews the

troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book : as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

BOOK V.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus, who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks ; among the rest Teipolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars ; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god ; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BOOK VI.*

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan

* Leaf, introducing this book, says : "Of all the *Iliad*, this incomparable book attains the grandest height of narrative and composition, of action and pathos. Nowhere else have we so perfect a

matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies ; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heav'n forsakes the fight ; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field :
Dark show'rs of jav'lines fly from foes to foes ;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;
While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the deathful
plain,
On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground ; 10

gallery of types of human character; the two pairs, Hector and Paris, Helen and Andromache, in their truthfulness and contrast, form a group as subtly as they are broadly drawn ; while, on the other hand, the 'battle vignettes,' with which the book opens, and the culmination of the scenes of war in the meeting of Glaucus and Diomedes, set before us with unequalled vivacity the pride of life of an heroic age, the refinement of feeling which no fierceness of fight can barbarise, in the most consummate manner of the 'great style.'"

1. *Heav'n*. The deities mentioned in Book v. (see Argument).

5. *Fam'd streams*. Look up in map. Every place mentioned should be located.

6. *Purple*. Used as Milton and Gray used it (see *Lycidas* and *Ode to Spring*), in its Latin sense of bright-colored. Note, as a peculiarity of Pope's diction, his frequent use of words in the strict sense of the Latin words from which they are derived. (See also i., 320.)

9. *Acamas*. Noted for valor. Mars had assumed his shape. When ?

His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest :
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :

In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat ; a friend to human race.

Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy and reliev'd the poor.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,

From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ;

In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace) :
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypetes fell ;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell ;

14. *Eyes.* Compare the simple Homeric expression, "and darkness shrouded his eyes." Does Pope gain anything ?

19. *Fast.* In the sense of close. Cf. *fast-handed, close-fisted, hard by.*

20. Note the terse, compact phrasing. Collect other examples.

22. Suggests the pathos of his undeserved and unfriended fate.

24. *Servant.* Homer adds, "the driver of his chariot," who may be regarded as akin to a knight's squire in later times.

27. *Two twins.* A curious lapse for the "correct" Pope.

28. *Naiad.* Fountain-nymph. What other kinds of nymphs were there ?

By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pegasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ;

Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel.
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd :

" Oh ! spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow :
When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain ;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."

37. *Teucer,* a famous archer ; son of Telamon, and step-brother of Ajax.

41. *Pegasus.* Homer's adjective "steep" characterizes this town on the mountain slopes of Mysia.

46. *Spartan spear.* Of Menelaus ; "him of the loud war-cry" is Homer's epithet.

50. *Chariot.* For a plan of the chariot, see Autenrieth, p. 34. Cf. also xxiv., 335-340, and Introduction, p. xxvi.

58. *Bestow.* As ransom : the only condition on which a victim was spared.

59. *Fame.* In the Latin sense of report, rumor.

61, 62. *Brass and steel.* The prose has "bronze" and "smithied iron." Grote says that "the Homeric descriptions universally pre-

He said : compassion touch'd the hero's heart ;
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart.
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious thus : " O impotent of mind !
 Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
 And well her natives merit at thy hand ! 70
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage ;
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all ;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
 A dreadful lesson of example'd fate,
 To warn the nations and to curb the great ! "

The monarch spoke ; the words, with warmth address'd,
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust ;
 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
 Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
 Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage :
 " Thus, heroes ! thus the vig'rous combat wage !
 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.

suppose copper and not iron to be employed for arms, both offensive and defensive. By what process the copper was tempered and hardened so as to serve the purpose of the warrior, we do not know ; but the use of iron for these objects belongs to a later age." See also Gladstone and Jebb. Coined money was unknown at this time.

61. *Told*, counted. Cf. *Psalm* xc. 9, and our word "teller."

64. *Suspended*. In the original Latin sense of wavering, hesitating, waiting. Cf. *suspense*.

70. Ironical, of course ; seeing that the wrong done to Menelaus had caused the war.

80. Contrast fierce Agamemnon and his compassionate brother. Pope's note says that the fact that Agamemnon's cruel deed is not blamed by Homer "must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies."

Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil !
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."
 And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd ; 90
 Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
 Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind :
 " Ye gen'rous chiefs ! on whom th' immortals lay
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult and active to defend !
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight ; 100
 Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand ;
 Press'd as we are and sore of former fight,
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the gods require :
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ; 110
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r,
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.

88. A good example of Pope's condensed, sententious style : compare the prose version. Look for other examples.

91. *Helenus*. Son of Priam ; Hector's brother, therefore. The priests were not a class apart. They fought in the wars. Cf. Christian warrior-priests, who sometimes fought in the Middle Ages.

91. *Redress'd*. Improved her condition by rallying the Trojans for the time being. His plan of appeasing Minerva does not avail.

93. *Æneas*. See Introduction, p. xi.

99. *Efforts*. Note accent on second syllable.

104. *Dang'rous stand*. Expand this figure.

108. *Mother*. See l. 313.

110. *Fane*. Temple ; from the Latin.

The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread ;
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent prayer,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire. 120
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard, and with a bound
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe : 130
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears ;
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears :
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud : " Ye dauntless Dardans, hear !
 And you whom distant nations send to war !

113. *Mantle*. The Greek "peplos ;" a robe used, by skilful folding and hanging, as a garment by women, and as a covering for chariots, chairs, and funeral urns. The beautiful Parthenon frieze represents the Athenians bringing the peplos to their patron goddess.

115. *Knees*. Suggests that the statue was a seated figure, unlike later statues, which represent Minerva standing.

117-120. Construction elliptical : paraphrase the passage.

119. *Wasteful*. Cf. i., 85 and 430.

125. *Hector obedient heard*. Note again Pope's condensation. The prose version reads, "So spake he, and Hector disregarded not his brother's word."

✓ 135. There is effective alliteration here. To what extent does Pope make use of alliteration in this book ? Compare with Book i.

Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
 To bid our altars flame and victims fall : 140
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
 And rev'rend elders seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd ;
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
 His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung ;
 And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
 Between both armies met ; the chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
 Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
 Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

145. As to the Greek *shield*, see Introduction, p. xxvi. In using the word *brazen*, Pope is wrong.

✓ 147. *Paus'd the battle*. The poet, too, pauses, and relieves his tale of war by delightful digressions and contrasts,—the stories of Lyncurgus and Bellerophon, and of Hector's experiences within the city with Paris and with Andromache and his child. These are examples of the charm of variety which is one of the secrets of Homer's irresistible attractiveness. This variety makes of the "Iliad" an epitome of ancient Greek civilisation in all its important aspects, revealing its quiet domestic life no less than its fierceness of war.

147. *Hector*. Homer's epithet lacking again : "Hector of the glancing helm."

150. *For war*. Such single combats were frequent in ancient and mediæval wars. Cf. Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, etc.

156. As Glaucus has not been conspicuous in the war, Diomed regards this challenge as somewhat of an indignity put upon him.

Unhappy they and born of luckless sires,
 Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
 But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,
 Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160
 Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
 Bacchus and Bacchus' votaries he drove
 With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove:
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
 While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
 And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move)
 (Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above); 170
 Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Cheerless he breath'd and wander'd in the gloom:
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurs'd and hated by the gods)
 I brave not heaven; but if the fruits of earth
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."
 "What, or from whence I am, or who my sire"
 (Replied the chief), "can Tydeus' son inquire? 180

160. *Contend.* As Diomed had so recently fought with the gods, this is held to show great inconsistency; but Mr. Lang makes light of the objection (*Homer and the Epic*, pp. 110, 111).

164. The austere Lycurgus, objecting to the corrupting worship of Bacchus, with its revelry, had forcibly driven away the wine-god and his Bacchantes from his domains; and for this insolence against an immortal he was made blind by Zeus. Look up the details.

165. *Spears.* The wrong word; the reference is to the wands or thyrsi, wreathed with ivy and surmounted by a pine cone, which were carried by the Bacchantes.

174. *Gods.* This poor rhyme, following close upon another (find it), suggests that we should look into Pope's rhyming again.

176. *Life.* What sustained the gods?

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground:
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay;
 So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

"A city stands on Argos' utmost bound
 (Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd); 190
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,
 In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son,
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd. 200
 For him Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Prætus fled,
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed.
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210

182. *Ground.* The simile plays an important part in Homer. See Introduction, p. xviii. The student should collate and compare instances, and note their characteristic qualities.

189. *Argos.* See note on i., 45.

193. *Ephyre.* Afterwards called Corinth.

201. *Lawless.* In the sense of unlawful.

209. Scan this line.

210. *Tablets.* This seems to imply that some kind of writing was

Now, bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due ;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd :
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

“This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) ;
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
 (Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied ;
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

known to the Greeks, but scholars differ upon this point. See Introduction, p. xiv.

214. It was the rule of the Greeks to entertain strangers generously before any questions were asked. See Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece*, p. 48 *et seq.*

215. Again we lose a characteristic epithet, “the rosy-fingered dawn,” and get Pope's “bright morning orient” in exchange.

219. *Chimæra*, a divine creature. Compare other similar creations of the Greek imagination, Centaurs, etc. This is the only instance in Homer of such mixed monsters. Cf. i., 527.

223. *Expire*. In the Latin sense, breathe forth. Would you regard this line as a good example of onomatopœia ?

226. *Prodigies*, portents.

227. *Crew*. Said to have been driven out of Lycia by the Lycians, who found them there on going to settle.

229. *Amazons*. A nation ruled by warlike women, to whom the word generally refers. Look up.

“Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes,
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
 With levell'd spears along the winding shore :
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
 “At length the monarch with repentant grief
 Confess'd the gods and god-descended chief ;
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
 With half the honours of his ample reign.
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground, 239
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes ; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove) ;
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,
 Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ; 250
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
 By his instructions learn to win renown ;
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,

231. *Toils*. Compare with these labors those of Hercules and Jason.

236. *Confess'd*. See note on i., 265.

238. *Reign*. See note on i., 3.

242. *Sons and daughter*. Homer gives their names : Isandros, Hippolochos, and Laodameia.

243. *Her*. Laodameia's.

244. *Sarpedon*. See Introduction, p. xi.

247. *Aleian field*. The “field of wandering,” in Cilicia.

250. *Phœbe*. Artemis, Diana ; represented in Homer as the goddess who has power to inflict on women sudden and painless death. See note on i., 60 ; vi., 543 ; xxiv., 761.

Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race." 260
 He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart;
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
 "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
 Ceneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
 Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left:
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
 Ceneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

262. An intimation that he desired to refrain from hostilities.

264. Shows the importance attached by the Greeks to guest-friendship.

274. Here Pope expands: the prose reads simply, "Oineus gave a belt bright with purple."

277, 278. "When the Achaian host perished at Thebes."

279-281. What about the versification here? Is the rhyme good? What about the couplet? A little farther on is another instance of three rhyming lines. Find others in Book xxiv.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd 290
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind):
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought:
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
 Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone, 310
 Of equal beauty and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen

288. *Alight*. From their chariots.

291-295. The prose puts a very different complexion on the matter. It reads, "But now Zeus, son of Kronos, took from Glaukos his wits"—so foolish is the exchange. But Cowper's interpretation is that Glaucus, impressed by the liberality shown by Bellerophon to Ceneus, determined not to fall below the example of his ancestor, and therefore consented to an exchange so very unequal.

297. *Scæan*. The great gate, flanked by a tower, on the west side of Troy, looking toward the Grecian camp.

298. *Beech-tree*. Should be oak-tree. See l. 551 and note thereon.

310. *Domes*. See note on i., 576.

(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race).
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :
 "O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls ?
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r ?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl ;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right."
 "Far hence be Bacchus' gifts" (the chief rejoin'd) ;
 "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd ;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great sire polluted praise.

314. *Laodicè*, her daughter.

316. *Strict*, close ; from a Latin word meaning to draw tight.

321. *Tow'r*, citadel.

322. *Bacchus*. Another instance of the affected classicism of Pope's time. Homer says nothing about Bacchus ; "honey-sweet wine" is the prose rendering. *The gen'rous bowl* is another un-Homeric phrase.

327. *Spent*. In the sense of wasted, exhausted.

331. This little temperance homily is Pope's. Compare the prose version.

332. *Spare*. Be sparing of. *Cf.* the proverb "Spare the rod," etc.

336. *Horrid*. Used more in its Latin sense of rough, soiled, unsightly. See note on i., 300.

You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train !
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war :
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race !
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."
 This heard, she gave command ; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes,

347. These lines repeat 114-120, above.

351. *Fame*. See line 59.

353. *Pest*, bane. *Cf.* *pestilence*.

363. According to the legend, Paris and Helen, on their way from Sparta to Troy, were driven by storms to Egypt ; and going thence to Troy, they put in at Sidon. The maids were carried off by Paris with other plunder. The Sidonians were very skilful artificers.

364. *Revolv'd*, considered carefully ; "turned over" in her mind. A Latin expression.

She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays :
 " O awful goddess ! ever-dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare !"
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane :
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

367. *Glow'd refulgent*. This phrase has occurred before. It is very characteristic of Pope's more pompous, decorative manner.

369. This onomatopoeic line is another piece of Pope's embroidery.

371. *Palladian dome*, Minerva's temple. *Palladian* is derived from Pallas. *Dome* has been used in this sense before.

372. *Theano*, sister of Hecuba, and daughter of Cisseus, a Thracian prince.

382. *Guiltless of the yoke*, never harnessed for labor.

383. *Grateful*, pleasing.

384. *Aton'd*. See note on i., 89.

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength :
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;
 The steely point, with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
 Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke :
 " Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show
 (O wretch ill-fated and thy country's foe) ?
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,
 Our troops to hearten and our toils to share ?
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

395. *Ten cubits*. That is, about sixteen feet long. This was probably no exaggeration.

396. *Ringlets*, rings to hold the head of the spear in its place, and to prevent the wooden shaft from splitting.

394-401. What impression do these lines convey of the character of Paris ?

403. *Hands*. As they work at the loom.

404. *Ardent*, angry; his eye burning or flashing with indignation.

405. This is one of several faulty rhymes that have occurred in this book. Enumerate them.

409. *Close*, secret ; cf. *closet*.

"Brother, 'tis just" (replied the beauteous youth);
 "Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
 Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief, 420
 On hate to Troy than conscious shame and grief:
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
 And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
 'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
 ✓ 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."
 He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; 430
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
 "O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name!
 Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun
 Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
 Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
 And midst the roarings of the waters died?
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

405-418. In this speech of Hector's Homer is much more brief and direct. Note the alliterations.

420, 421. By reason of his defeat by Menelaus. See Argument to Book iii.

425. Suggests again, the fatal power of Helen's beauty, cause of all the trouble; "the face" that, as Marlowe says, "launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium." One might also apply Morris's expressive lines on the beauteous Atalanta:

'Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
 Too fair to let the world live free from war."

✓ 427. Pope's epigrammatic style is obvious again; it is effective, to be sure, in its way; but not Homeric.

432-436. Note Helen's poignant anguish of remorse.

436. *Whirlwinds*, storm-winds; symbolized in the Harpies.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
 Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
 With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
 The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
 Our present woe and infamy to come:
 Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
 Example sad! and theme of future song!"

The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest: 450
 The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
 Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
 Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls.
 E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
 This day some god who hates our Trojan land 460
 May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
 At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
 Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,

449. *Future song*. Had Homer here a prophetic sense of the immortality of his song; some such sublime assurance that he was singing for the ages as Shakspeare expresses in his sonnets?

458. A true premonition. He never enters the city again after leaving it this day.

463. *Dearer part*. The scene has emphasized the contrast between Hector's noble, manly, affectionate spirit, and Paris's craven, selfish spirit.

466. *Second joy*. Pope, of course; Homer does not use these roundabout phrases. What does Pope mean by it?

467. *Astyanax*, "defender of the city." "Hector" means "keeper" or "protector." The father's characteristic is therefore handed on to the son. See lines 501-503.

Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting steps ; if to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort,
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court.
" Not to the court " (replied th' attendant train),
" Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane :
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;
She heard, and trembled for her distant lord :
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift through the town he trod his former way, 490
Through streets of palaces and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir

469-473. Pope's trimmings. Lines 472, 473 give his periphrasis for Homer's "white-armed Andromache."

470. *Explore*. See i., 84, 135.

475. *Parting*. For departing. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, line 1.

480. *Steepy*. Used by Shakspere and other poets for "steep."

484. *Distracted with surprise*. A poor substitute for "like unto one frenzied."

485. Not in the original. All such tawdry ornamentations justify the term "rococo," so frequently applied to the poetic style of Pope and his contemporaries.

493. *Blameless wife*. The whole passage illustrates Jebb's statement that "the ties of the family are sacred in every relation,—

(Cilician Thebè great Eëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) :
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream ;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

" Too daring prince ! ah whither dost thou run ? 510
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, gods ! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
And end with sorrows as they first begun.

between husband and wife, parent and child, kinsman and kinsman. Polygamy is not found among Greeks." This and other instances "attest a pure and tender conception of conjugal affection."

495. See i., 478, 479.

496. Note in this and other references to the child, the feeling of appreciation for the charms of childhood. The subject is treated in Scudder's *Childhood in Literature and Art*.

501. *Scamander* was a local river-god.

514, 515. Expand these condensed lines so as to show their meaning.

No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire !
 His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ; 529
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd :
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd ;
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
 " By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell :
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
 " Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee :

528-530. " Burnt him in his inlaid armor, and raised a barrow over him."

536. Homer writes, as Arnold has remarked, with his eye on the object he mentions, while Pope never does. Here the commonplace " fat herds" suffices for Homer's realistic " kine of trailing (or shambling) gait."

539. *Hippoplacia*. Another name for Thebe, from Plakos, a mountain above that city, the birthplace of Andromache. See l. 495, and xxii., 611.

543. That is, died a sudden death. Apollo was held to be the cause of such deaths in the case of men, as his sister was in the case of women. See i., 60 ; vi., 250.

545. Pope weakens the meaning here. After describing her orphaned state, Andromache, showing the depth of her wifely affec-

Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
 Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post.
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
 [The chief replied : " That post shall be my care, 560
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
 ground,
 Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains :
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories and my own.
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

tion, says : " Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband."

551. These trees, like certain oak trees mentioned elsewhere (vi., 298), are several times referred to as landmarks. See xxii., 193.

557. How must *dictated* be accented here ?

570. Here again the fatalism of the Greeks is brought into relief. See vi., 626 ; also note on i., 461.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread :
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
 In Argive looms our battles to design, 580
 And woes of which so large a part was thine !
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, ' Behold the mighty Hector's wife !'
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
 Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
 Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;

578. Note, as further evidence of deep conjugal affection, that Hector grieves chiefly at the thought of a doleful future for Andromache. Later legend said that Andromache fell as a prize to Neoptolemus, Achilles' son.

583. Slaves were very generally employed as "drawers of water." *Hyperia*, a fountain in Messenia.

591. *Monumental*, used as a monument. Cf. Milton's "monumental oake," *Il Penseroso*, 135.

✓ 594. The following beautiful passage shows Pope at his best, in spite of unfortunate departures from the simplicity and directness of the original, such as l. 600, which reads in the prose, "He took the helmet from his head."

The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r :
 "O thou ! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son !
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age !
 So when, triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame' :
 While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
 He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :
 "Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.
 No force can then resist, no flight can save ; 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

603. *Pferr'd*. In its Latin sense of offered up.

606. *Purchase*, earn, win, with no reference to money.

625-631. Pope's sermon is longer than Homer's. Hector's meaning is that, although he is doomed to die, he cannot lose his life before the appointed hour. Cf. i., 543 *et seq.*

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.”]

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes. 640
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,

That stream'd at ev'ry look : then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran :
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall. 650
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.

The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides :
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies ;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again. 660
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,

632. That is, drive away sorrowful thoughts by work.

638. *Resumes*. Cf. i., 393.

640-647. Compare with the prose, and criticise.

652. *Wanton*, unrestrained. Cf. Milton's "wanton wiles," *L'Allegro*. 27.

652. The force of the simile is abated by a weak introduction.

655. *In height of blood*, exultingly.

The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied :
“ O chief, in blood, and now in arms, allied !
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest ;
Known is thy courage and thy strength confess'd. 670
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share ;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty :
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.”

669. *Confess'd*. Used as in Book i. See vi., 236.

676. The ending is weak. Cf. the prose version.

BOOK VII.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testi-

fies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VIII.

THE SECOND BATTLE AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him, whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

BOOK IX.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon

him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

BOOK X.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaüs, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success, kill Rhesus with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

BOOK XI.

THE THIRD BATTLE AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle; Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the

latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus, also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

BOOK XII.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

BOOK XIII.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS: THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes), assumes the shape of Chalcas, and inspires

those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaüs wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Loerian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

BOOK XIV.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XV.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspiras Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

BOOK XVI.

THE SIXTH BATTLE; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described, in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy, where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

BOOK XVII.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS; THE ACTS OF MENELAÛS.

Menelaüs, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaüs sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

BOOK XVIII.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

BOOK XIX.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

BOOK XX.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

BOOK XXI.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter,

takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy; Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo, who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

BOOK XXII.*

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband.

* "In the swift action of this twenty-second book," says Professor Jebb, "we can recognize at least four general traits as preëminently Homeric. (1) The outlines of character are made distinct in deed, in dialogue, and in audible thought. (2) The divine and human agencies are interfused; the scene passes rapidly from earth to Olympus, and again to earth; the gods speak the same language as men,—noble, yet simple and direct; the gods are superhuman in might,—human in love, in hate, and in guile. (3) Each crisis of the narrative is marked by a powerful simile from nature. (4) The fiercest scenes of war are brought into relief against profoundly touching pictures of domestic love and sorrow."

band. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer ;
There, safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied pow'rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector singly stay'd ; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate, 10
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns),
" And what " (he cries) " has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue ?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain ?
Vain thy past labour and thy present vain : 20
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

1. See the Argument of Book xxi. What part of the verb is *smit* ?

3. What is meant by *briny drops* ?

6. Homer says " setting shields to shoulders." Probably the meaning is that the Greeks held their shields over their heads as a protection against missiles thrown from the walls.

5-8. What is the subject of this sentence ?

9. *By fate* ; that is, not by his own will or fault.

13. See the Argument of Book xxi.

14. *Confess'd*, disclosed, revealed.

20. *Present*. Supply the ellipsis.

22. Mark the imperfect rhyme. Find other examples in this book.

The chief incens'd : " Too partial god of day !
To check my conquests in the middle way :
How few in Ilium else had refuge found !
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground !
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead and of fraud divine :
Mean fame, alas ! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." 30

Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along :
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays ; 40
Terrific glory ! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage ;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age ;
He lifts his wither'd arms ; obtests the skies ;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war,

28. Homer is much more simple : " because thou hadst no vengeance to fear thereafter."

39. *Orion's dog*, Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation of the Dog, so called because it precedes in the sky the constellation Orion, named after a mighty hunter. Its fabled evil influence on the earth, referred to in the next three lines, gave to summer the name of " dog days." *Weighs*, presses to its close. *Autumn* is the grammatical subject.

43. Who is the *sage* ?

45. *Obtests*, calls upon earnestly, entreats.

48. What is meant by *war* ?

While the sad father on the rampart stands,
 And thus adjures him with extended hands :
 " Ah stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;
 Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son !
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !
 Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore !
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain ! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd :
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
 And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne) !
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I ! unutterable woe !

53. *Methinks*, it seems to me, from the A. S. *thyncean*, M. E. *thinken*, to seem, appear.

63-65. Homer says : " sons whom Laethoë bare me, a princess among women." This passage is adduced as evidence of the existence of polygamy among the Trojans ; but see Jebb's statement in note on vi., 493.

69. *His daughter*, Laethoë, one of Priam's wives.

69. *Lelegia*, the land of the Leleges, a people supposed to live on the coast of Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean.

71. *Stygian coast*, the bank of the river Styx, one of the boundaries of the underworld inhabited by the spirits of the dead. See Gayley, pp. 78-84 ; and Gladstone, *Homer*, pp. 54-56.

Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
 Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !
 Save thy dear life : or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ;
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curs'd with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain !
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries !
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor,—
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness), must fall
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall,
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods ! 'twas well :
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth in vigour, dies the best,
 Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm ;

76. *Yet*, still ; while there is yet time.

84. *Placed*, ordained ; appointed. What is the grammatical object of *placed* ?

104. An instance of Pope's turgid style, very unlike Homer.

This, this is misery ! the last, the worst,
That man can feel, man, fated to be curs'd !"

He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.

With him the mournful mother bears a part ; 110
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart :
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd ;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :

" Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere
The words of age ; attend a parent's pray'r !
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast,
Ah ! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it !) shouldst thou
bleed,

Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear ;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll :
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
Beholds the traveller approach the brake,

102-107. These lines are a wordy paraphrase of the original. See the prose translation, p. 436.

110. *The mournful mother*, Hecuba.

112. Hecuba undid the brooch by which the *peplos*, or outer robe, was fastened over the right shoulder. See Introduction, and vi., 113.

126. *So they*. Supply the ellipsis.

129. *Expects*, awaits.

130. *Roll'd up in his den*. Coiled up in his hole. Is this picture true to nature ?

When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind :

" Where lies my way ? to enter in the wall ?
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall : 140
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight ?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.

Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear ;
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No ! If I e'er return, return I must 150
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :
Or if I perish, let her see my fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town :
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war and grievance of the land),

132. An allusion to the belief, prevalent in ancient times, that snakes derived their poison by feeding on poisonous herbs.

136. *Reclin'd*, leaning, resting.

137. Literally, "Then sore troubled he spake to his great heart." "These audible thoughts," says Jebb, "are usually in the nature of comments on the main point of the situation, and are such as might have been made by a sympathetic bystander ; they are comparable to the utterances of the Chorus in Greek Tragedy."

140, 141. See Argument of Book xviii.

158. *The wife withheld*. Who ?

With honourable justice to restore ; 160
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injur'd Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought ? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?
 We greet not here as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak or journeying o'er a plain ;
 No season now for calm, familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk : 170
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
 To die or triumph, that determine heav'n !"
 Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh :
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;
 The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;
 And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
 Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind ;
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.

167. *Conversing*. Generally followed by *with*.

138-172. Note that in this soliloquy Hector makes no reference to the appeals of his father and his mother. What was his reason for remaining to encounter Achilles ? What light does this throw on Hector's character ?

173. Who was *pondering* ? What is the grammatical error ?

175. Why is the word *better* used instead of *right* ?

180. Hector's sudden flight at the approach of Achilles is one of the most extraordinary incidents of the *Iliad*. Says Mr. Andrew Lang : "In a saga or a *chanson de geste*, in an Arthurian romance, in a Border ballad, in whatever poem or tale answers in our Northern literature, however feebly, to Homer, this flight round the walls of Troy would be an absolute impossibility. Under the eyes of his father, his mother, his countrymen, Hector flies—the gallant Hector, 'a very perfect, gentle knight'—from the onset of a single foe." But, Mr. Lang adds, "Homer's world, Homer's chivalry,

Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd ; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain ;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground :

Homer's ideas of knightly honor, were all unlike those of the Christian and the Northern world."

Professor Mahaffy, on the other hand, regards this slur and other slurs on Hector's courage as changes wrought by alien hands in the original poem. "Why," he asks, "is he so important all through the plot of the poem ? Why is his death by Achilles made an achievement of the highest order ? Why are the chiefs who at one time challenge and worst him, at another quaking with fear at his approach ? Simply because in the original plan of the *Iliad* he *was* a great warrior, and because these perpetual defeats by Diomedes and Ajax, this avoidance of Agamemnon, this swaggering and 'hectoring,' which we now find in him, were introduced by the enlargers and interpolators in order to enhance the merits of their favorites at his expense."

188. What is the meaning of *shoots upon his wings* ?

189. *Fore-right*, straight ahead.

194. *Smoke*, raise a dust by their rapid motion. Dryden uses the word in the same sense: "Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field." What is the grammatical subject of *smoke* ?

194. *Road*. The original shows that a wagon road, on which both kept, ran round the city at a little distance from the wall.

196. *Fountains*. These are the two springs to which allusion is made in the Introduction, p. xxii. It is now known that no springs answering to Homer's description exist in the plain of Scamander. The Scamander, however, actually takes its rise in two springs, one hot and one cold, on the western side of Ida. It is supposed that the

This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies ;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;
 Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might) ;
 Swift was the course ; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife) :
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210
 As when some hero's fun'ral are decreed,
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead,
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame),
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul :
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly ;
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky :
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke : 220
 " Unworthy sight ! the man belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n !
 My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain ;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
 From Ida's summits and the towers of Troy :

poet transferred in imagination a striking piece of scenery from the mountain to the plain ; or else that the springs which he describes have disappeared.

216. This line is one of Pope's inventions to complete a couplet. There is nothing in the original to justify it. What is the meaning of *rais'd* ? What is its syntax ?

220. *The sire*. Who is meant ?

Now see him flying ! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs ('tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
 (Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man ?"
 Then Pallas thus : " Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The forked bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath !
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death !
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above ?
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove ?"
 " Go then " (return'd the sire), " without delay ;
 Exert thy will : I give the fates their way." 240
 Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
 As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn :
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes :
 Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
 The certain hound his various maze pursues.
 Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
 And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends
 (Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe),

228. *Fate*. Another interpolation by Pope.

238. *Partial*. This epithet is very unlike Homer. He simply says : " Do it, but not all we other gods approve."

241. *Tritonia*. The Greek form of the word is *Tritogeneia*, Triton-born, an epithet of Athena (Minerva or Pallas). The first part of the word has been explained as born near Lake Tritonis, or head-born, or born on the third day ; but its meaning is really unknown.

247. *Vapour*. A wrong use of the word for *scent*.

247. *Tainted*. How were the dews tainted ?

250. *Compass'd round*, followed in the circular track.

So oft Achilles turns him to the plain :
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
 As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
 One to pursue and one to lead the chase,
 Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake : 260
 No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
 While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
 What god, O Muse ! assisted Hector's force,
 With fate itself so long to hold the course ?
 Phœbus it was : who, in his latest hour,
 Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
 And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
 Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
 The fates of mortal men and things below :
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
 And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate ;
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
 To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries :
 "O lov'd of Jove ! this day our labours cease,
 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280
 Great Hector falls ; that Hector, fam'd so far,
 Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
 Falls by thy hand and mine ! nor force nor flight
 Shall more avail him nor his god of light.
 See, where in vain he supplicates above,
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove !
 Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

257. This is the only simile in Homer taken from a dream.

276. The meaning is that Hector was condemned to Hades.

285. *He.* Who ?

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclin'd, 290
 While like Deïphobus the martial dame
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
 In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied :

"Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the sight
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
 It fits us now a noble stand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."

Then he: "O prince ! allied in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long tried, long lov'd ; much lov'd, but honour'd
 more !

Since you of all our num'rous race alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own."

Again the goddess: "Much my father's pray'r.
 And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:

291. Minerva assumes the appearance of Deïphobus, Hector's favorite brother, the son of Priam and Hecuba.

293. *Show*, appearance.

294. To a modern reader the treacherous aid of Athena to Achilles, and the deception she practises on Hector, appear absolutely revolting. Mr. Lang says: "It is remarkable that when the true poet had to pit against each other a courteous and patriotic warrior like Hector and a young hero who, like Achilles, is really fighting only for his own hand and his private passion, he should have made Hector check our sympathy by his flight, and Achilles even more unsympathetic by the treacherous aid of Athene than by his own relentless and savage revenge." To a Greek audience, Mr. Leaf thinks, "the presence of the gods on Achilles' side was not so much a mere extraneous aid as a tangible sign that Achilles was, after all, fighting the great fight of Hellenism against barbarism; it is a reminder that the action on earth is but a reflexion of the will of heaven, and exalts rather than belittles those to whom the help is given." "It is a cardinal rule with Homer," says Mr. Gladstone, "that no considerable Greek chieftain is ever slain in fair fight by a Trojan." *Belied*, feigned.

My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:

"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine or my fate: I kill thee or I die.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day:
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate.
(Eternal witnesses of all below,

And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due),
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."

"Talk not of oaths" (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
"Detested as thou art and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.

314. Dardanus was the mythical ancestor of the Trojans.

310

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340

Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow;
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own.

348. In Book xviii., Thetis, Achilles' mother, had told him that straightway after Hector's death was death appointed unto him. In Book xix., his horse Xanthus, gifted for the moment with human speech and the power of prophecy, had foretold that his master's death-day was nigh at hand. Mr. John Addington Symonds thinks that the knowledge of his own approaching end is the key to the terrible ferocity displayed by the Greek chieftain. "Stung as he is," says Mr. Symonds, "by remorse and by the sorrow for Patroclus, which does not unnerve him, but rather kindles his whole spirit to a flame, we are prepared to see him fierce even to cruelty. But when we know that in the midst of the carnage he is himself moving a dying man, when we remember that he is sending his slain foes like messengers before his face to Hades, when we keep the warning words of Thetis and Xanthus in our minds, then the grim frenzy of Achilles becomes dignified. The world is in a manner over for him, and he appears the incarnation of disdainful anger and revengeful love, the conscious scourge of God and instrument of destiny."

352. *Sung*, gave out a whistling sound as it passed through the air.

360. *Or*. What would be the prose form?

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Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.

All comfortless he stands: then with a sigh:
 "'Tis so—heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380
 A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed.
 Death and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.

No refuge now, no succour from above,
 Great Jove deserts me and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once and kind! Then welcome fate!
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!"

363. What is the grammatical object of *know*?

371. *Resulting*, leaping back.

384. Who is the *son of Jove*?

388. Mr. Gladstone's summing up of Hector's character is as follows: "His courage is far from perfect, and there are in him veins both of vainglory and of rashness. But he is pious towards the gods, affectionate and beloved in his domestic relations, a laborious and unselfish patriot, laden perhaps with more responsibility than he well can bear. At the latest moment, driven to bay, he recovers a perfect manhood, and dies the hero's death."

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390
 So Jove's bold bird, high-balance'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame!);
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 "At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:

390. *All collected*, having gathered all his powers for a supreme effort.

391. *Jove's bold bird*, the eagle.

392. *Truss*, seize and carry off.

395. *Fourfold cone*, four-plated helm.

397. *Vulcanian frame*, forged by Vulcan (*Hephæstus*).

399. *Hesper*, the evening star.

405. See the Arguments of Books xvi. and xvii.

Then, prince ! you should have fear'd what now you feel ;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd and for ever mourn'd ;
While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee birds shall mangle and the dogs devour."

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death :
" By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r ;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe ; 430
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

" No, wretch accurs'd !" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
" Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join !
No ! to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more ; 440
Should Dardan Priam and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame ;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

429-432. These lines are very unlike the original : " Give them home my body back again, that the Trojans and Trojans' wives give me my due of fire after my death." The spirits of the departed could not enter the underworld until their bodies had received the last rites in the world above.

436. *Prevalence*, efficacy.

437. Mr. Leaf regards the following as the meaning of this passage : " As surely as I cannot eat thee myself, so surely the dogs shall eat thee."

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew :
" Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree 450
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee ;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies : 460
" Die thou the first ! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee."—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and superior size :
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous or with taunts disgrace :
" How chang'd that Hector who, like Jove, of late 470
Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate !"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands ;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends :
" Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,

452. Hector's prophecy was fulfilled. Paris shot Achilles with a poisoned arrow guided by Apollo.

468. The Greeks thought that the mutilation of the body deprived the spirit of the power of taking revenge. Each of them doubtless thought, moreover, that he was avenging a kinsman slain by Hector.

Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain. 480
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes:
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
 Burn on through death and animate my shade. 490
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece! in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Paens sing.
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
 'Hector is dead and Ilion is no more.'"

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead):
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. 500
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air;
 The face divine and long-descending hair

492-494. Pope's translation is very inadequate. Mr. Leaf's prose rendering of the song of victory is this: "Great glory have we won: we have slain the noble Hector, unto whom the Trojans prayed throughout their city, as he had been a god."

497. *Nervous*, sinewy, strong.

500. It is said that it was the custom in Thessaly to drag the body of a murderer around the grave of his victim. If so, Achilles was following one of his country's customs.

Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along! 510

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast far off the regal veils away.
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans;
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe:
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
 Imploring all, and naming one by one:
 "Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
 He has a father too; a man like me;
 One not exempt from age and misery
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot his pest of me and all my race).
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
 Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb!

525. *Gives the feeble force*, gives strength to one who is feeble.

538. What is the grammatical error?

Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave !)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief !"

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears):
"Ah ! why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !
O fatal change ! become in one sad day 560
A senseless corpse ! inanimated clay !"

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn, 570
The bath preparing for her lord's return :
In vain ; alas ! her lord returns no more !
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !

547. *Mix'd the tender show'r* is a good example of Pope's artificial style. Translate it into plain English.

567. There is nothing in the original to indicate that Andromache was "pensive," or that her task was a "melancholy" one, up to the moment when her ear catches the sounds of grief from the walls.

Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear ;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :

"Ah, follow me !" (she cried) "what plaintive noise
Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate :
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke ; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her step pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes :
She faints, she falls ; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.

584. *Omen*. The word is used here in the sense of foreboding, presage of evil. Omen usually refers to something outside the mind, not, as in this case, to the thought itself.

601. Pope is not at all literal here. See Introduction, p. xxv., for an account of the Homeric woman's headdress.

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain :

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife !
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same !
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?
Would I had never been !—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
No more to smile upon his sire ! no friend
To help him now ! no father to defend !
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears 630
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee ;

608–661. Compare Andromache's lament with her speech in the sixth book, lines 510–559.

609, 610. Homer says simply : "To one fate were we both born." Pope borrows the language of astrology to express this idea.

611. *Hippoplacia*. See note on vi., 539.

624–653. The lines in the original are now generally regarded as an interpolation, on the ground that it is "a common-place on the sorrows of orphanage." Mr. Lang replies : "Perhaps we do not know enough of Homeric society to feel certain on this point."

While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not here : ' 640
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported and on dainties fed,
And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah ! what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls 650
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector ! li'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
And honour to the living, not the dead !"

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

640. The idea seems to be that a child who has lost his father is no longer favored by the gods, and may be insulted with impunity.

651. See Book vi., line 467.

661. The burning of Hector's garments will be a consolation to the living. It can be of no service to him, since they cannot be burned on his pyre, and consequently cannot accompany him to Hades.

BOOK XXIII.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial: the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the castus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day: the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

BOOK XXIV.*

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen,

* Book xxiii. describes the funeral of Patroclus and the funeral games instituted by Achilles. Book xxiv. presents a new phase of the Greek chieftain's character. "It is not enough," says Mr. Symonds, "to show us Achilles serene in the accomplishment of his last service to Patroclus. As the crowning scene in the whole *Iliad*, Homer has contrived to make us feel that, after all, Achilles is a man. The wrathful and revengeful hero, who bearded Agamemnon on his throne, and who slew the unarmed suppliant Lycaon, relents

makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand :
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles : he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed :
The form so pleasing and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour and that manly mind,

10

in pity at a father's prayer. Priam, in the tent of Achilles, presents one of the most touching pictures to be found in poetry. We know the leonine fierceness of Achilles; we know how he has cherished the thought of insult to dead Hector as a final tribute to his friend; even now he is brooding in his lair over the Trojan corpse. Into this lion's den the old king ventures. Instead of springing on him, as we might have feared, Achilles is found sublime in generosity of soul. Begging Patroclus to forgive him for robbing his ghost of this last satisfaction, he relinquishes to Priam the body of his son. Yet herein there is nothing sentimental. Achilles is still the same—swift to anger and haughty, but human withal, and tender-hearted to the tears of an enemy at his mercy."

1. See the Argument of Book xxiii.

What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
 What seas they measur'd and what fields they fought;—
 All pass'd before him in remembrance dear :
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the hero lay ;
 Now shifts his side, impatient for the day ;
 Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
 There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcass lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care ; 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds and tainting air ;
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe :
 But Neptune this and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies :

20. *Wide*. The idea is that Achilles wanders aimlessly.

25. The *monument*, as described in Book xxiii., was a mound of earth erected on the spot where the funeral pyre had blazed. The bones of Patroclus were placed in a golden urn in the tent of Achilles.

30. *Superior care*, care of one greater than a mortal.

33. *Golden shield*. The literal translation is *golden ægis*. This expression has caused great perplexity to commentators. It is pointed out that the ægis was entrusted by Jove to Minerva and not to Apollo.

34. *Hermes will'd to go*. What is the subject of *will'd*? This is the first allusion in Homer to the thievish character afterwards attributed to Hermes (Mercury).

37. Juno (Hera).

E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene), 40
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke :
 " Unpitying pow'rs ! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain ?
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view ?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
 The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire ?
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care ? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride ?
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy ;
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy ?
 Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;

38. What is the syntax of *implacable* ?

38-41. The only allusion in the *Iliad* to the story of the apple of discord, the contest of beauty between Juno, Minerva, and Venus, and the judgment of Paris, which led to his carrying off Helen, the wife of Menelaus. See Gayley, p. 285. Compare Tennyson's *Ænone*.

44-69. State Apollo's argument in your own words.

52-55. Compare the prose translation for the rendering of this simile.

56, 57. Cowper explains the passage thus : shame is "a man's blessing or his curse : his blessing, if he is properly influenced by it ; his curse in its consequences, if he is deaf to its dictates." Mr. Leaf thus explains the two meanings of the Greek word translated *shame* : "The Greek word expresses on the one hand the respect for the opinion of men which we call sense of honor ; on the other it can stand for the wrong shame or want of proper boldness, such as prevents a man from properly doing his work in the world."

58. What is the loss ?

To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate exceeds ; and tempts the wrath of heav'n :
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong !
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God."

"If equal honours by the partial skies
 Are doom'd both heroes" (Juno thus replies) ;
 "If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods ! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame :
 Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n) :
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
 Yourselves were present ; where this minstrel-god
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame :
 "Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame ;
 Their merits nor their honours are the same.

63. *Fate*. See Introduction, p. xxiv.

70-83. State Juno's argument in your own words.

74. Notice the wrong position of only.

76. *Ethereal* means literally high in air, hence heavenly, belonging to heaven.

83. The verb *hymn* is used transitively, meaning to celebrate in song, and intransitively, as here, to sing hymns. Milton uses the word in the same sense : "And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised God and His works." *P. L.*, vii., 258.

But mine and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race :
 Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay
 (The only honours men to gods can pay) :
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation and the holy feast.
 Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away
 We will not : Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure queen ; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."
 He added not : and Iris from the skies
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies ;
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.

87. *Grace*, favor, good will.

96. *The azure queen*, Thetis.

98. *Leave*. The meaning of the original is "give back, restore."

99. *Iris*, goddess of the rainbow, the messenger of Jupiter, and occasionally of Juno, his wife. Mercury (Hermes), on the other hand, is the messenger of the whole Olympian court. Mr. Gladstone writes thus of Iris : "Although she is but a sketch, she is one of those sketches in which the touch of the incomparable master is as clearly seen as in any work of the most complete development. Only the hand that drew Nausicaa (in the *Odyssey*) on earth, could have drawn Iris in the skies. She seems lighter than the air itself upon her golden wings, and the poet always employs the full resources of pure dactylic verse to signify the elastic bound with which she starts upon her missions. But with all her lightness, she plunges 'like lead' (see lines 107, 108) through the waters of the deep, because her swiftness is more essential to her even than her lightness. In full keeping with these, so to speak, physical qualities, is her ready, nimble mind, her incessant labor for some purpose of good, not of ill, and the total absence of every dark, or gross, or malicious feature from the really sweet delineation ; although, when Zeus has intimated that he rather wishes his inhibition to Pallas to be rough, she, as his faithful organ, shows that she too keeps a tongue in her head."

Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
 Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound);
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: 110
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 ('The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:
 "Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
 'Tis Jove that calls." "And why" (the dame replies)
 "Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd."
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd majestically sad.

103. The island mentioned in the original is Samothrace, not Samos. Locate on map Samothrace, Imbros, and Samos.

107. What is the syntax of *bearing*? Point out the tautology in this line.

108. Pope has failed to translate this simile correctly. Literally: "And she sped to the bottom like a weight of lead that, mounted on horn of a field-ox, goeth down, bearing death to the ravenous fishes." Lead has been used as a "sinker" in deep-water fishing in all ages. The horn must mean either an artificial bait or else a tube through which the line is passed.

110, 111. The ideas of *secret* and *melancholy* are not justified by the original.

112. The Nereids.

114. See note, Book xxii., 348; also i., 461.

115. What is meant by the *painted bow*?

122. *Sable shade* means simply a dark-hued veil.

Then through the world of waters they repair
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
 And all the gods in shining synod round. 130
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva rising gave the mourner place);
 E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
 The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:

"Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,
 Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
 Nine days are past since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
 'Twas voted Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will thy son himself the corpse restore,
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare
 With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks or heart demands."

130. *Synod*, assembly or council.

139. *Suffice*. The meaning is: Let it suffice that we know, etc.

146. The *glory* reserved for Achilles is that he shall restore the body of Hector in return for gifts; whereas, had it been stolen by Hermes (see lines 143, 144), he (Achilles) would have received nothing.

153. What is the mode of the verb *offer*?

His word the silver-footed queen attends,
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son :
 She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :
 " How long, unhappy ! shall thy sorrows flow,
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe,
 Mindless of food or love, whose pleasing reign
 Soothes weary life and softens human pain ?
 Oh snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r ;
 Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour !
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far. 170
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
 But yield to ransom and restore the slain."
 To whom Achilles: " Be the ransom giv'n,
 And we submit ; since such the will of heav'n."
 While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs :
 " Haste, winged goddess ! to the sacred town,
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son ; 180
 Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near ;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald who, with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor let him death nor let him danger dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led :

155. *Attends*, pays heed to.

177. Scan this line.

Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life and partner of his way. 190
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair :
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
 Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives ;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
 (Sad scene of woe !) : his face his wrapp'd attire 200
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam,
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
 Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy,
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears :
 " Fear not, O father ! no ill news I bear ;
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care ; 210
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :
 Alone, for so he will: no Trojan near,
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor shalt thou death nor shalt thou danger dread ;
 Safe through the foe by his protection led :
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
 Guard of thy life and partner of thy way. 220
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair :
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car ;
 There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay :
 His pious sons the king's commands obey.
 Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230
 And where the treasures of his empire lay ;
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say :
 "Unhappy consort of a king distress'd !
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast :
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
 Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
 Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
 The corse of Hector at yon navy slain.
 Tell me thy thought : my heart impels to go
 Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe." 240
 The hoary monarch thus : her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies :
 "Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ;
 And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind,
 Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known,
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown ?
 Singly to pass through hosts of foes ! to face
 (Oh heart of steel !) the murd'rer of thy race !
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore ! 250
 Alas ! my lord ! he knows not how to spare,
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare ;
 So brave, so many fall'n ! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity and vain thy age.
 No !—pent in this sad palace, let us give
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents' woe !

245. Locate *Phrygia*. The name is inserted by Pope to fill out the line.

249. *Deathful*, that has looked on so many deaths.

Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son ! 260
 Oh ! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay !
 For ah ! could Hector merit thus ? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly in inactive death :
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero in his country's right."
 "Seek not to stay me nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night"
 (Replied unmov'd the venerable man) :
 "'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. 270
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command :
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye gods ! obedient to your call :
 If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content : by the same hand let me expire !
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire !
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood !" 280
 Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue ;
 As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold ;
 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine ;

261. A rhetorical image intended to express extreme detestation. Compare Achilles' words, Book xxii., 437.

272. Find the differences between *augur*, *priest*, and *seer*. In Homer, the priest is not a diviner. See Jebb, Introduction to Homer, p. 51.

273. *A present goddess* means a goddess who actually appeared to me.

274. The literal rendering is, "And her word shall not be void."

285. *Chargers*. The word *charger*, meaning a large dish, is now obsolete. It is used in the Bible, *Matthew* xiv. 8.

And last a large, well-labour'd bowl had place
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace):
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy! 290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train:
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
 Each office hurts him and each face offends.
 "What make ye here, officious crowds!" (he cries)
 "Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
 Have ye no griefs at home to fix ye there?
 Am I the only object of despair?
 Am I become my people's common show,
 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
 No, you must feel him too: yourselves must fall;
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all.
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone:
 Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown;
 I see the ruins of your smoking town!
 Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310
 Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
 His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine
 Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?

288. Where is Thrace?

289. What is the grammatical subject of *seem'd*?

290. Pope's meaning is not clear. The original means: "For he was exceeding fain at heart to ransom his dear son."

305. Pope here uses the name Phrygia loosely to mean the Troad (see Introduction, p. xxi) and surrounding countries.

Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!—
 All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
 And speed my journey to redeem my son? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
 Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind;
 The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:
 Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
 Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied. 340
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
 Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king);
 But the fair horses, long his darling care,
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:

322. This is the only mention of Troilus in the Iliad. His youth, beauty, and untimely end made him a favorite subject with subsequent poets. Chaucer told the story of Troilus and Cressida, and Shakspeare and Dryden dramatized it.

333. The original means that they bound the body of the chariot on the frame-work, supported by the wheels.

346. There were two cars—one drawn by mules to convey the presents; the other, drawn by horses, in which Priam and the herald rode. Mark the false rhyme.

Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied ;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ; 350
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine
 (Libation destin'd to the power divine)
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :
 " Take this, and pour to Jove ; that, safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
 Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
 Heav'n or thy soul inspire this bold design :
 Pray to that god, who, high on Ida's brow,
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead the way with heav'nly augury :
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove ;
 But if the god his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
 "'Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above
 To raise our hands ; for who so good as Jove ?" 370
 He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring
 (Her ready hands the ewer and bason held) ;
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine :
 " O first and greatest ! heav'n's imperial lord !
 On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd !

359. Jove.

361. *His winged messenger*, the eagle.372. *Living*, life-giving.375. *On the mid pavement*. Literally, "in the midst of the court," where stood the altar of Jove.

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space :
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
 Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
 Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury !
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
 And known to gods by Perenos' lofty name. 390
 Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
 So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
 As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears ;
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung ;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.
 The mules, preceding, draw the loaded wain,
 Charg'd with the gifts ; Idæus holds the rein : 400
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
 And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ;
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
 Now forward fares the father on his way,
 Through the lone fields and back to Ilium they
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
 And felt the woes of miserable man. 410

384. Priam prays that the eagle may appear on the right.

390. *Perenos*, the black eagle.393. *Dexter*, on the right of the beholder.406. Supply the ellipsis after *as*.410. *Felt*, sympathized with.

Then thus to Hermes: "Thou, whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs!
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth and o'er the boundless main; 420
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

411. Notice that Hermes is sent as a guide, while Iris acts only as a messenger.

415. *Prevent*, evade, escape. Trace this meaning, and other derived meanings, of the word, from the original meaning, *go before*.

416. What is the syntax of *safe*?

417-426. Compare this passage with Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v., 266 ff.

"Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air. . . .
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A seraph wing'd. . . .

Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

418. *Incumbent*, resting on.

419. What is the syntax of *high*?

421. The wand that Hermes carried as messenger of Heaven was twined with snakes. Through it he lulled to sleep, awoke from sleep, and caused dreams.

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king,
Their chariot stopping at the silver spring, 430
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
"I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh.
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall

(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?" 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame;
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:

"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along
Through Grecian foes so num'rous and so strong? 450
What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures
view,

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide?
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;

430. *Spring*. The original refers to a stream flowing through the plain.

431. *Ilus' ancient marble*. The tomb of Ilus, the grandfather of Priam, whence the name Ilium. What is the syntax of *circling*?

432. What is the grammatical subject of *allow'd*?

447. *Sight*. What figure of speech?

From Greece I'll guard thee too ; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."

"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son !" (the godlike sire rejoin'd) 460
"Great are my hazards ; but the gods survey
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail ! and be blest ! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind."

"Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide"
(The sacred messenger of heav'n replied) ;
"But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land ? 470
Or fly'st thou now ? What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ?"

The king, alarm'd : "Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died ?"
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied :

"You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbru'd : 480
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host :
I saw, but help'd not ; stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ;
One ship convey'd us from our native place ;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame ;

457. *Lines, features.*

472. What is the object of Hermes' questions ?

474. Point out the grammatical error in this line.

482. See Argument of Book xv.

Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me the last. 490
To watch this quarter my adventure falls ;
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."

"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train"
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
"Ah, tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid
My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains ?" 500

"O favour'd of the skies !" (thus answer'd then
The pow'r that mediates between gods and men)
"Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent ;
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent :
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead ;
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face, 510
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death ! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound ;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied :
"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love ! 520

498. *Relics, remains.*

502. Scan this line.

507. *Aurora's ruddy beam*, the dawn. What is Homer's epithet for the dawn ?

Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O gen'rous youth ! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;
And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god : " O king, forbear
To tempt my youth ! for apt is youth to err : 530
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ;
And as the crime I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain
O'er pathless forests or the roaring main." 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins and whirl'd the lash around :
Before th' inspiring god that urg'd them on
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round :
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes ;
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

537. *Argos*. Probably Argos in Thessaly is meant.

547. See note on line 421.

552. The description of Achilles' "tent" seems to follow the lines of an Achaean palace. See Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*, pp. 57-62.

Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore,
And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers), where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length ;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide ;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus, reveal'd : " Hear, prince ! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell : to shun Achilles' sight I fly ;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter and prefer thy pray'rs ; 570
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies :
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent :
There sat the hero ; Alcimus the brave 580
And great Automedon attendance gave ;
These serv'd his person at his royal feast ;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight !) appears ;
Embrace'd his knees and bath'd his hands in tears ;

572. *His son*. In Book xix. it is explained that Achilles left a son Neoptolemus in Greece.

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !
 As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime, 590
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd :
 All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :
 Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise ;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes :
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :
 " Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine !
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
 In all my equal but in misery !
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes ;
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day 610
 May send him thee to chase that foe away.

590-594. What are the points of comparison ?

598-633. Coleridge remarks on this passage : " The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly skilful, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the Iliad. . . . Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father ; in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation ; and, lastly, mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror. . . . The whole passage defies translation, for there is that about the Greek which has no name, but which is of so fine and ethereal a subtlety that it can only be felt in the original, and is lost in an attempt to transfuse it into another language."

No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain :
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain !
 Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilium came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame !
 Nineteen one mother bore—dead, all are dead !
 How oft, alas, has wretched Priam bled !
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense ;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel, 620
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell !
 For him through hostile camps I bent my way ;
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear :
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere !
 Think of thy father and this face behold !
 See him in me, as helpless and as old ;
 Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery :
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !"
 These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe ;
 And now the mingled tides together flow :
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
 A father one, and one a son, deplore :

612. What is the syntax of *comfort* ?

626-633. Compare Pope's verse with the prose translation : " Yea, fear thee the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, even me, bethinking thee of thy father. Lo, I am yet more piteous than he, and have braved what none other man on earth hath braved before, to stretch forth my hand toward the face of the slayer of my sons."

637. What was Achilles' object in this movement ?

641. What is the syntax of *father* ?

But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran ;
One universal solemn show'r began ;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose :
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650
Not unrelenting : then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man :

"Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race !
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then : let reason mitigate our care :
To mourn avails not : man is born to bear. 660
Such is, alas ! the gods' severe decree ;
They, only they are blest and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good ;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;
To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed ;
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670

645. There is nothing in the original to justify this line, which seems full of bathos.

648. The *throne* is one of Pope's useless embellishments. The word in the original means seat.

660. Compare Burns's "Man was made to mourn."

669. The word translated *famine* may also be translated *gadfly*, typefying frenzy or rage.

The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r ?
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour !
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n !
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day ;
No race succeeding to imperial sway :
An only son ! and he (alas !) ordain'd 680
To fall untimely in a foreign land !
See him in Troy the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;
In riches once, in children once excell'd ;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls ? 690
War and the blood of men surround thy walls !
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas ! mayst live to suffer more !"

To whom the king : "O favour'd of the skies !
Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh give me Hector ! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts ! I ask no more : 700
Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy ;
Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy ;

671. *Sincere*, true, real.

680. See note, Book xxii., 449 *et seq.*

681, 682. To whom does *him* refer ? To whom, does *his* ?

685-687. Phrygia lay to the east of the Troad ; the Hellespont, to the north ; and the island of Lesbos, to the south.

So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live ! ”

“ Move me no more ” (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes) ;
“ Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend ;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend :
For know, from Jove my goddess mother came
(Old Ocean’s daughter, silver-footed dame) ; 710
Nor com’st thou but by heav’n, nor com’st alone ;
Some god impels with courage not thy own :
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr’d.
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar’d
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
Cease ; lest, neglectful of high Jove’s command,
I shew thee, king, thou tread’st on hostile land !
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o’er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.”

The sire obey’d him, trembling and o’eraw’d. 720
Achilles like a lion rush’d abroad ;
Automedon and Alcinus attend,
Whom most he honour’d since he lost his friend ;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent ;
Next, heap’d on high, the num’rous presents bear
(Great Hector’s ransom) from the polish’d car.
Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead :
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam ; lest th’ unhappy sire,
Provok’d to passion, once more rouse to ire

705. Mr. Leaf says : “ This outburst on the part of Achilles shows the intense struggle through which he is passing. It is all he can do to control himself, and he feels that he will not be able to do so at all unless he is left to act in his own way, without being either hurried or doubted, as Priam’s words would seem to imply.”

The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age
Nor Jove’s command should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o’er the corse they spread ;
Achilles lifts it to the fun’ral bed :
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov’d Patroclus’ shade :

“ If, in that gloom which never light must know, 740
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
O friend ! forgive me that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) heav’n’s unquestion’d will.
The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
To grace thy manes and adorn thy shrine.”

He said, and ent’ring took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev’rend Priam sate :
To whom, compos’d, the godlike chief begun :
“ Lo ! to thy pray’r restor’d, thy breathless son ; 750
Extended on the fun’ral couch he lies ;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite :
Nor thou, O father ! thus consum’d with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.

740-745. Achilles’ prayer to Patroclus to pardon him for the cession of Hector’s body is the last touch needed to depict their wondrous friendship. Mr. Symonds points out “ that fraternity in arms played for the Greek race the same part as the idealization of women for the knighthood of feudal Europe.” Both mythology and history bear witness to the fact. “ The fruit which friendship bore among the Greeks,” continues Mr. Symonds, “ was courage in the face of danger, indifference to life when honor was at stake, patriotic ardor, the love of liberty, and lion-hearted rivalry in battle.”

745. *Manes*. This is a Roman word meaning the spirits of the dead regarded as tutelary divinities of the household. Here it means simply the ghost or spirit of Patroclus.

748. *Compos’d*, restored to calmness.

756. *Cares*, duties ; occupations.

Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine :
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ; 760
 Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 These Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line ;
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd ;
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;
 None by to weep them, to inhum them none 770
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone) :
 The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will),
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;

757-779. For the story of Niobe, see Gayley's *Classic Myths*, pp. 126-129. Homer's art in introducing this story has been criticized on the ground that "it is no inducement to Priam to take food to say, 'Eat, for Niobe ate and was turned to stone.'" Mr. Leaf's interpretation of the passage is as follows: "Achilles means, 'you may well eat, without appearing hard of heart; for even Niobe ate in her grief, and she is actually the type of faithful mourning, and chosen by the gods themselves to embody endless grief before men forever.'"

762. *Cynthia*, Diana (Artemis), so called because she was born on Mount Cynthus, in the island of Delos.

769. *Inhume*, bury, inter.

773. *Herself a rock*. The legend is that Niobe was turned into a rock that preserved her form and features, on Mount Sipylus near Smyrna in Lydia. Mr. William Cranston Lawton, in his *Art and Humanity in Homer*, remarks on this passage: "The figure thus alluded to is a sort of high relief against a background of natural rock. The shape is thrice the human height, and some two hundred feet from the ground. A trickling spring is said to give the impression of falling tears."

Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe ;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
 Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known : 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd ;
 Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd ;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide : 790
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
 And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each, indulging, shar'd in sweet repast.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest ;
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestic size ;
 Here youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
 (A solemn scene !) ; at length the father spoke
 "Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep :

775. *Acheloüs*, a river of Lydia.

776. *Wat'ry fairies*. The fairy is a comparatively modern invention. Homer speaks of water-nymphs.

804, 805. "To steep my careful temples in the dew of sleep" is one of Pope's peculiarly artificial expressions. The original is translated: "That of sweet sleep also we may now take our fill

For since the day that number'd with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet and consent to live."

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
 With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread ;
 Forth by the flaming lights they bend their way,
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
 Then he: "Now, father, sleep ; but sleep not here ;
 Consult thy safety and forgive my fear,
 Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel or our orders take),
 Approaching sudden to our open tent, 820
 Perchance behold thee and our grace prevent.
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The king of men the ransom might defer.
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
 Remains unask'd, what time the rites require
 T' inter thy Hector ? For so long we stay
 Our slaught'ring arm and bid the hosts obey."
 "If then thy will permit" (the monarch said)
 "To finish all due honours to the dead,
 This of thy grace accord : to thee are known 830
 The fears of Ilium, clos'd within her town ;
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of Ide and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request ;
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast ;
 The next to raise his monument be giv'n ;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n !"
 "This thy request" (replied the chief) "enjoy :
 Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."

at rest." Pope uses *careful* in its original sense of *full of care* or trouble.

832. *Aspire*, here used in the sense of *rise*.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,
 Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the king and herald rest,
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ;
 Industrious Hermes only was awake,
 The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head, 850
 And, "Sleep'st thou, father ?" (thus the vision said)

840. This is the last occasion on which Achilles appears as an actor in the *Iliad*. A few days afterwards, according to the later legend, he fell a victim to the fatal arrow of Paris. His ashes were mingled with those of Patroclus. The words of Mr. Symonds may bring his story to a fitting close: "He (Achilles), more than any character of fiction, reflects the qualities of the Greek race in its heroic age. His vices of passion and ungovernable pride, his virtue of splendid human heroism, his free individuality asserted in the scorn of fate, are representative of that Hellas which afterwards, at Marathon and Salamis, was destined to inaugurate a new era of spiritual freedom for mankind. It is impossible for us to sympathize with him wholly, or to admire him otherwise than as we admire a supreme work of art, so far is he removed from our so-called proprieties of moral taste and feeling. But we can study in him the type of a by-gone, infinitely valuable period of the world's life, of that age in which the human spirit was emerging from the confused passions and sordid needs of barbarism into the higher emotions and more refined aspirations of civilization; of this dawn, this boyhood of humanity, Achilles is the fierce and fiery hero. He is the ideal of a race not essentially moral or political; of a nation which subordinated morals to art, and politics to personality; and even of that race he idealizes the youth rather than the manhood. In some respects Odysseus is a truer representative of the delicate and subtle spirit which survived all changes in the Greeks. But Achilles, far more than Odysseus, is an impersonation of the Hellenic genius, superb in its youthfulness, doomed to immature decay, yet brilliant at every stage of its brief career."

844. *Porch*, fore-hall, the vestibule of the great hall. See Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*, p. 58.

"Now dost thou sleep when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes: 860
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with their mournful load to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds from Ilion's spire 870
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

"Turn here your steps and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow! 880
Your common triumph and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains:

862. *Xanthus*, another name for Scamander. See Introduction, p. xxi.

870. *Cassandra*, daughter of Priam, gifted, in later legend, with the power of prophecy.

In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shewn,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek and rend their scatter'd hair: 890
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
"Forbear" (he cried) "this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at his word divide;
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide:
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state. 900
A melancholy choir attend around
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
And, "O my Hector! oh my lord!" she cries;
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!"

886. *At Scæa's gates*. The Scæan gate. See note on vi., 297.

888. *The wife and mother*. Andromache and Hecuba.

898. *Pomp*, funeral procession. *Wait*, attend.

906. Andromache appears but three times in the *Iliad*—in the parting scene in the sixth book, in the twenty-second book when Hector is killed, and now when his body is brought home. Nevertheless she is the type of the wife and mother, loving and beloved. Through her it is in great degree that men have come to admire Hector. "The affection of Hector for his wife," says Mr. Symonds, "no less distinguished than the passion of Achilles for his friend, has made the Trojan prince rather than his Greek rival the hero of modern romance."

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone ! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes ;
 For Ilium now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er 920
 (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore !
 Thou too, my son ! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord :
 Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
 And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe : 930
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !
 Thence, many evils his sad parents bore ;
 His parents many, but his consort more.
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command ?
 Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly dear,
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;
 Which never, never could be lost in air ;
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there !"

929. A later legend says that this was actually the fate of Astyanax.

930. In this line Pope has misinterpreted the original, which is translated : "For no light hand had thy father in the grievous fray."

934. Up to this point Andromache's lament follows the same lines as that in the twenty-second book. Note that the concluding words of her grief are for Hector himself.

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan ; 940
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part :
 "O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !
 Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
 And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd !
 While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
 'This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
 Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain) ;
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain !
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
 No mark of pain or violence of face ;
 Rosy and fair ! as Phœbus' silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears :
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries :

"Ah, dearest friend ! in whom the gods had join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;

942. Mr. Leaf interprets Hecuba's speech in this wise : "Though Achilles has dealt with thee so far more harshly than with my other sons, yet the gods have turned this very thing to thine honor ; for they have kept thy body fresh, all outraged though it was."

956, 957. Apollo, it was supposed, brought sudden death to men. See note on i., 60.

962. There is no finer touch in the whole poem than the lament of Helen over the body of Hector. "It would have been impossible," says Mr. Symonds, "to enhance more worthily than thus the spirit of courtesy and knightly kindness which was in Hector—qualities, in truth, which, together with his loyalty to Andromache, endeared the champion of the Trojans to chivalry, and placed Hector upon the list of worthies beside King Arthur and Godfrey of Bouillon."

Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore
 (Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine !) ;
 Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
 A deed ungentle or a word unkind :
 When others curs'd the auth'ress of their woe, 970
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow :
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
 For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee,
 The wretched source of all this misery !
 The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan ;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone !
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home ! " 980
 So spoke the fair with sorrow-streaming eye ;
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows ;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose :
 " Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre ;
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread ;
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead."

964. The twenty years that Helen says she lived in Troy is a dreadful stumbling-block to commentators. It is better to "give it up."

980. Coleridge says of Helen : "She is, through the *Iliad*, a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate toward those with whom that fault had committed her."

Of Helen Mr. Gladstone remarks : "With 'beauty such as never woman wore,' and with the infirmity of purpose which chequered her career, she unites not only grace and kindness, but a deep humility, and a peculiar self-condemnation, which come nearer to the grace of Christian repentance than anything, in my knowledge, that has come down to us with the ancient learning."

He spoke ; and at his word the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990
 Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gath'red forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine
 And plac'd aloft : while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn, 1000
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase ;
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd
 Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
 Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). 1010
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest ;
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.

Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

1015, 1016. The literal translation of the last line of the *Iliad* is this : "Thus held they funeral for Hector, tamer of horses." Cowper, speaking of this simple ending, says : "It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently ; neither pompous nor familiar ; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony."

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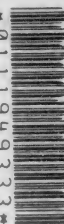
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